

The ROTARIAN

AN INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE IDEAL OF SERVICE AND ITS APPLICATION TO PERSONAL, BUSINESS, COMMUNITY, AND INTERNATIONAL LIFE

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COVER BY ARTHUR CROUCH

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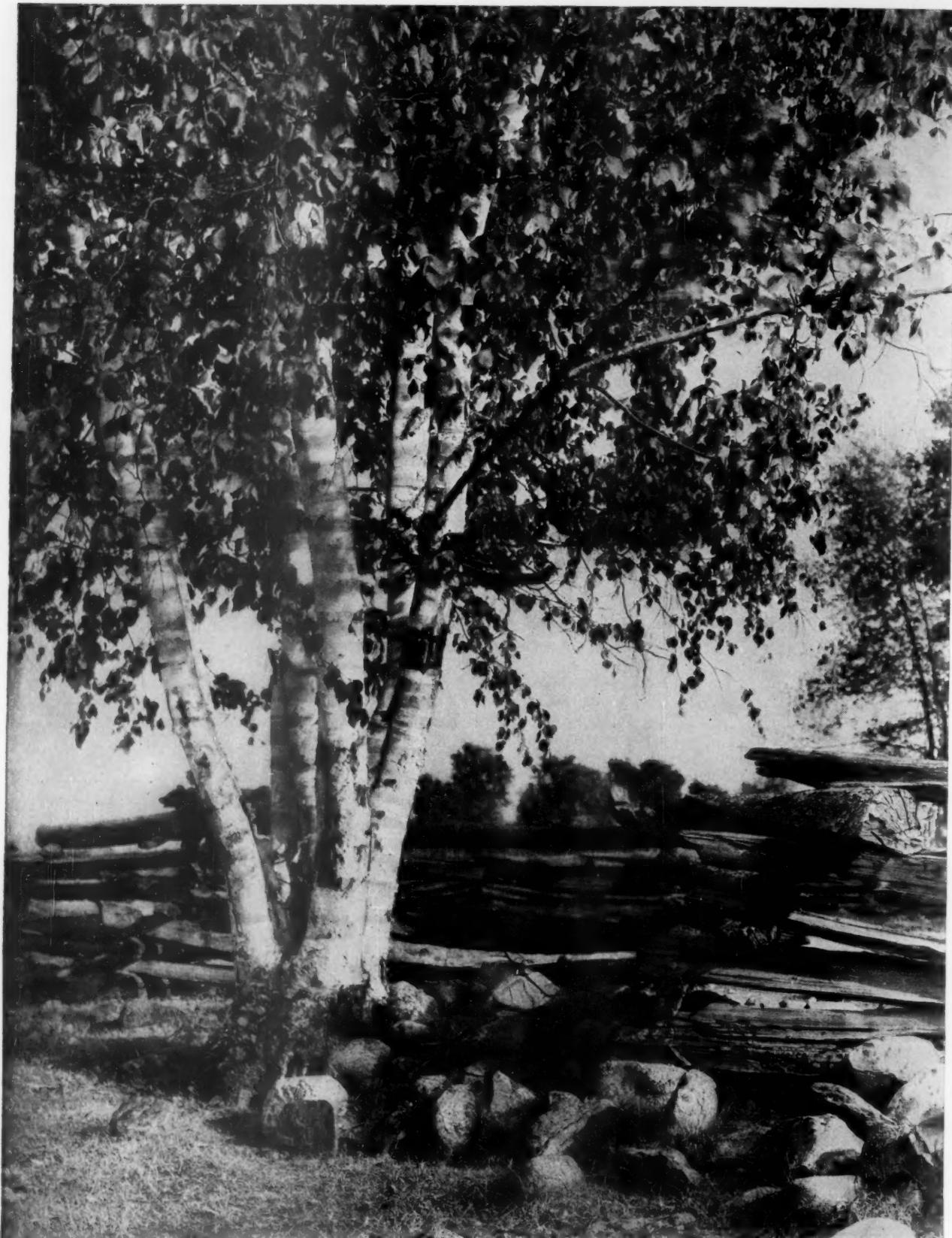


Photo: John Kable, Dayton, Ohio.

The Old Rail Fence

A SPLITTER once went forth to split
With maul and ax and wedge;
The echo from each blow he hit,
Brought crops near woodland's edge.

The worm was laid, the panels built,
The storms might rage and blow,
The old rail fence would never tilt
Through fifty years of snow.

"Twas there the thrasher built her nest,
And safely raised her young;
"Twas there that berries ripening best
Grew tempting to the tongue!

—By ROBT. SPARKS WALKER, in "My Father's Farm."

Fellowship: Yardstick of Progress

By J. H. Marion, Jr.

FELLOWSHIP is a good deal like love-making. It is something in which actions speak louder than words. If you have read the hilarious lectures of the late Governor Bob Taylor of Tennessee, you may recall his description of a country candy-pulling in the Tennessee mountains. It was not only a candy-pulling but an occasion for serious courting among love-sick swains and their sweethearts.

With the accuracy of one who knew from experience what he was talking about, Governor Bob pictures the shy way in which a couple would slip off and sit blissfully secluded in the moonlight. Hardly a word would be spoken. The bashful lovers would just look at the moon or each other, and now and then a smacking sound might be heard "like a cow pulling her foot out of soft mud"—but nothing more. Yet that was enough. The next year would see another cabin built on the hillside and, before long, around the doors would be playing flaxen-haired youngsters whose golden curls looked like old-fashioned taffy-candy.

It is not otherwise, I believe, concerning fellowship. We can practice it effectively without saying much about it, but it is worthwhile, occasionally, to express in words the ideals we seek to realize. Let us be frank about it and admit freely to the world that we treasure friendship.

It was Thoreau, I believe, who said that he found no companion so companionable as solitude; but not many of us, even those of us whom the psychologists call "introverts," would agree with him. Rather would we share the desire of Jean Valjean, in Victor Hugo's great story, to live "where people say 'good-morning' to one another." We dread the pangs of loneliness and this dread is nothing to be ashamed of any more than the ache in our stomachs which means we hunger for food.

It is well for a man to be alone, of course; but it is not good for him to be too much alone. He must invade other lives in love and fellowship, and his own life must be invaded. This friendly intercourse, "this mirroring of faces in other faces," is not a luxury but an absolute necessity.

Yet many factors have combined to isolate people

This worried old world of ours needs a great many things, but nothing more than a few sincere pats on the international back.

today. Consequently fellowship is more difficult and rare. Ordinarily we think of a crowded place or a crowded age as being less liable to loneliness than solitary places. Yet we know that just the opposite is often the case. Do you remember O. Henry's story of the man who in New York City was as lonely as Robinson Crusoe? Landing in the city from the West, he so ached for companionship that he held up the cashier of a cheap restaurant and made that astonished individual "come across with conversation."

IT WAS, as I understood it, to meet such situations as this that Rotary first came into being. It arose to combat the loneliness of modern times by creating wholesome fellowship among men of similar interests and ideals. Its primary aim was to provide the same kind of cheerful association which men enjoyed in the old-time coffee shops of Merrie England.

To me Rotary's weekly fellowship is symbolic of a larger and deeper fellowship which we are striving to create in the modern world. Rotary fellowship is a token of the fellowship and friendship which Rotarians strive to create in their communities. Each club should become a dynamo of friendship for the community, overcoming harsh frictions, generating sympathy for all worthy enterprises, and turning the various neighborhoods into actual brotherhoods.

Rotary fellowship means also that Rotarians should strive to overcome the barriers which today so tragically separate class and class, race and race. The world's progress is to be measured in terms of increasing fellowship. Certainly the companionship Rotarians enjoy in little groups is always incomplete unless it prompts them to see the need for getting together on a far wider scale.

Each nation has many holidays, but the trouble is that they usually celebrate victories over other lands. What a fine thing it would be, as someone already has suggested, to have a world-wide holiday of appreciation and recognition!

What Is the Promise of Modern Life?

By Farnsworth Crowder

Illustrations by Raeburn Van Buren

THREE was once a man who approached his employer and said, "Boss, I'm making too much money. If you don't arrange for me to earn less, I may quit you."

This is not fevered fiction. I know well the man who said that, and this article is a faithful account of how he came to be so mad and what happened after the boss had accommodated him.

We shall call him Robert Grade. He anticipated many of the effects of the New Deal on the activities and attitudes of the American family group.

Having nothing else with which to beguile his first fifteen years out of college, Robert Grade devoted them exclusively to work. Money-making was the only career for a self-respecting man. The jingle of coins in his pocket was his personal apologetics.

Then, in the gay summer of 1929, something struck Robert down between the sheets and the doctor kept him there for a two-month rest. Robert almost howled for mercy. He appealed to me, "What in heaven's name will I do with myself for two months?"

What he did was to take the rest, eat sanely, and mope about in an introspective huddle with himself. His moodiness worried his excellent wife; she telephoned me one day to please call around and talk to poor Robert.

I found poor Robert in his room, lounging in an easy chair that was buried in a chaos of magazines and books. That much was amazing because he had always been a fellow to love the ancient sally, "What! Buy a book? Oh thanks, I already have a book."



"I'm a dull husband, a clumsy lover, an indifferent father, a leaden athlete, a three-idea conversationalist, a barbarian among the arts."

I looked over some of the titles, found them concerned with contemporary American history and problems. Robert pointed out the noted volume by Herbert Croly, *The Promise of American Life*.

"That," he explained, "is what I have been wondering about. What is the promise of modern life for me, the wife, and the two boys?"

WE FELL to talking and I found him in a most self-belittling frame of mind. He showed me an estimate of himself scribbled on the back of an envelope. It read:

Robert G., his slogan: do nothing that you can pay others to do for you.

Robert G., his goal in life: an easy spot from which to command the world's comforts with a check book and coupon scissors.

Robert G., his boasts: that he can sell anything; that he can tell comic anecdotes comically.

"Darned if it doesn't make me shiver," he confessed. "What if I should die before I wake? What could be said about me? What would be the proper

epitaph for my tombstone? I'll tell you. 'Here lies Robert Grade, half-dead all of his life. He finally shuffled off.'

"Because what have I done? What have I been? What do I amount to? I'll tell you that, too. I've made fair money. I've spent freely and yet saved. I've gone about poking my products at prospects. And today I'm half sick. I'm a dull husband, a clumsy lover, an indifferent father, a leaden athlete, a three-idea conversationalist, a barbarian among the arts, a city cliff-dweller who, on looking at nature, sees nothing but bugs. I'm one of the multitude who shrugs and says the city is too big and complicated and rotten to have any civic conscience about. What do I do with my time? Play bridge, shoot poor golf, read a business journal and the daily paper. Then I go in for all kinds of second-hand living — watching the other fellow do it — movies, plays, fights, and ball games. You know, I used to play the fiddle in the college orchestra. No time for that anymore. Things get crowded out. You know how it is."

Yes, I know. Robert and I talked about how it is for two hours. At times the subject seemed to frighten him and he would attack it in violent tones.

"The years keep getting away from a fellow," ran his talk. "He keeps thinking that next year he'll begin to live the way he really wants to. But I, for one out of millions, never get around to it. I go mad saving time, but none ever seems to accumulate. I've always felt snug and smug in that company of arrogant, up-to-the-minute guys who belong to progress and prosperity. But somehow, since I've been sitting around here, I've found an awful vacuum in my innards."

This was all very unreal and startling coming from a bluff extrovert who usually entertained you with market gossip and the newest Scotchman and locker-room stories. But almost weird was the socio-philosophic argument which followed. He waved at the printed matter about him.

"This isn't just for effect," he said. "I've been reading. I'm ready to make a prophecy. It isn't deep, brilliant, or original. But it may be revolutionary to me—provided I work up the nerve to act on it. Here's my line: In my country we've had three big periods, each one with its own way of living. The first was the wilderness-frontier phase. Then came the rural-

"At the Homestead, he has dusted off the instrument... He and the boys have put up a small 'lab'."

agricultural development. And finally the metropolitan-industrial period, into which we were born and which is now closing.

"Ahead of us there's something different—a sorting over and combining of good elements from each of these periods. The result will be a rounded-out, balanced pattern that will appeal to the natural and the civilized man. Individualism is not going to disappear, as the communist-minded birds are predicting; it is going to show itself, though, in ways that aren't strictly economic.



LIBERTY is going to have meaning, but a different and a bigger one. There is sure to be less freedom to trim one another in competition, but more freedom and incentive to grow up as unique individuals. People are going to learn to amuse them-





selves rather than rely on second-hand living. The Self is going to be pulled out of the money box and the city canyon, dusted off, and given a new chance. You watch. I'm telling you!"

I did not exert myself watching, because I felt that Robert was merely being academic and that once he was back in harness, he would tug at the economic apple-cart as usual. But in this I was mistaken. The next time I called on him, it was late at night and he wanted to repeat a bedtime story he had just told his wife.

"DNCE upon a time," he said, "there lived a very rich uncle who owned three hundred and sixty beautiful and fertile acres and had thirty-six nephews. Each of these nephews had a wife and children. On one corner of the old man's estate was a great slab of cement. It was enclosed by a high brick wall and in the center stood an old-fashioned brick tenement.

"I have found him, somewhat timidly at first, but genuinely alive to all sorts of new things—the savory earth, the vast nowhere of the sky . . ."

Here lived the old man and the thirty-six families. They might have had each a handsome convenient house on a ten-acre tract. Nothing doing! They preferred the tenement, where, with all their kids, noise, smells, and neuroses, they could make jokes about the-old-lady-from-Dubuque and thank God they were not as other men."

It disappointed Robert that I was not overwhelmed by his fable and he went on to point the moral, to say that he was talking about our city with its horse-and-buggy streets, our skyscrapers that were outmoded bric-a-brac, about noise, dirt, delay, traffic, tickets, danger, crime, warped temperaments, and ruined health; about things getting in the way of values, materials overshadowing people, small potatoes bringing fancy prices.

Larruping the city was not new, even in 1929; I never dreamed that anything would come of it in the life of Robert Grade and family.

I was mistaken. No sooner had the doctor pronounced him in condition to return to his job, than Robert went to his Boss, swallowed manfully on his Adam's apple, and told him that to make a fetish of work was old-fashioned and that he was tired of being old-fashioned. Boss was anything but charmed. But Robert barged ahead with his proposition, to wit: that he give his service only four days a week, eleven months a year, that the firm accept a very able but unemployed friend of his, who would work his territory on the other two days of the week and the twelfth month of the year.

The Boss was persuaded to give the scheme a test for six weeks. The unemployed friend was brought into the picture and was found satisfactory. The arrangement continued. Robert had his three days of leisure and the friend a job.

Robert made his next move with careful deliberateness, keeping in mind his theory that the life of the future is to combine the [Continued on page 54]

Holy Smoke!

By Ernest Thompson Seton

Chief of the Woodcraft League

MY CAMPS are all built on the lines of an Indian village, utilizing the magic of romance and picturesqueness, while keeping strictly to things practical, useful, and uncostly. Consequently their appeal is universal; both old and young respond. My Indian Village at Greenwich, Connecticut, has for thirty years been the resort of campers and picnickers of every kind, age, and interest; and is usually at the disposal of any group who will make a proper use of it.

About ten years ago, the Rotarians, with whom I have long coöperated, telephoned from New York to ask for the use of the Village for one day, a privilege that they had had many times before. But now it was coupled with unusual circumstances.

The Rotarians had promised to give a country outing to 400 slum boys from the lower East Side of New York. The Rotarian members were supplying all the trucks and cars needed for transportation, and an abundance of food for the two meals in view. But they were apprehensive on one important matter which they thus expressed to me:

"Can you handle them? Remember, they are utterly ignorant, undisciplined, underprivileged, more or less criminal, and the question of control is serious."

I replied: "Come on; bring the whole gang. I have handled such before, and no doubt can do so again. Remember," I continued, "no boys are born bad. They are made bad by wrong methods of bringing up. But still, no human being is wholly bad, and can be reached by entering into his world, not by trying to drag him into yours."

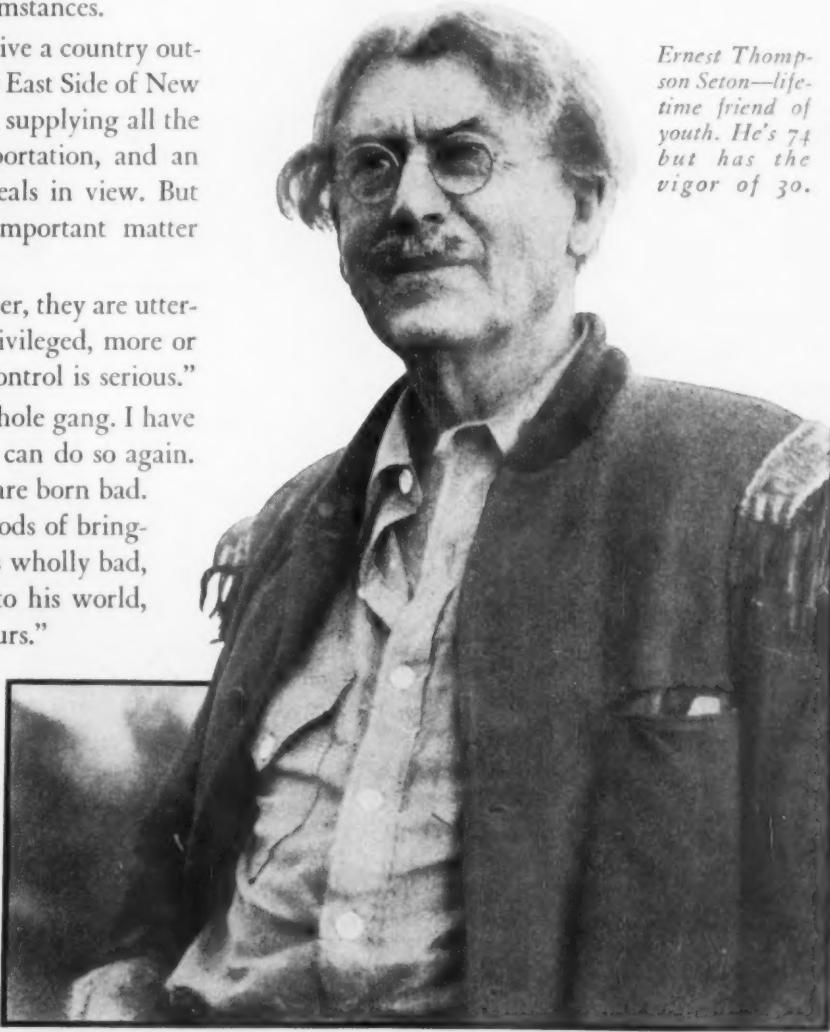
So it was arranged. The long procession of busses, cars, and trucks came duly to the Indian Village of Little Peequo, arriving about 10 A.M. The boys ranged from fourteen to twenty-one or twenty-two; and the language was strictly the New York vernacular of the slums. The remarks I heard were not encouraging:

You are to be camp host to a gang of 400 New York slum boys. They are pretty tough, they admit. How would you keep them in hand?

"Wonder what dese yere guys is tryin' to put over on us?" "They'll git a bellyful if they tries to work some Sunday School racket." "I don't want nuthin' but dere grub." "Oi druther it was a picture show." "Looks ter me like a lot o' kid stuff." "Say, mister, couldn't yer rush de grub?"

The place of meeting arranged was the Council Ring which could barely seat the lot. As a matter of fact, few were seated. Some were chasing each other 'round, snatching hats, jumping on the benches and backs of the seats. In one corner were several boys

Ernest Thompson Seton—lifetime friend of youth. He's 74 but has the vigor of 30.





"My camps are all built on the lines of an Indian village, utilizing the magic of romance and picturesqueness."

shooting craps. Most were yelling or talking. The good fellows of Rotary were looking worried and unhappy. It was up to me to work my medicine.

I stood up on a bench, and shouted in my loudest lecture voice: "What fellow here can lick all the others?"

A sulky, broad-shouldered tough in the Wot-de-hell stage, looked coldly at me, and replied. "Well, if dere's any guy here tinks he can lick me, it's a good time ter start someting right now."

"Good," says I; "you're my kind. I pick you for the captain of the strong-arm squad, and we'll start something pretty soon. Now, we need four more. Can't you pick out four that are in your class, and not afraid of a scrap?"

"Shure," and he picked out four big, tough-looking fellows, all over twenty. Several he turned down with more or less scornful remarks.

"Here's de gang."

"Sure looks like business. Now, we've got to be sworn in or it isn't legal. Come on to the office."

With some distrustful looks, they followed me to my office. Here I gathered up my rubbing-stick set, an Indian war club, a safety-razor blade, some iodine, five rubber armbands on each of which was the Dog

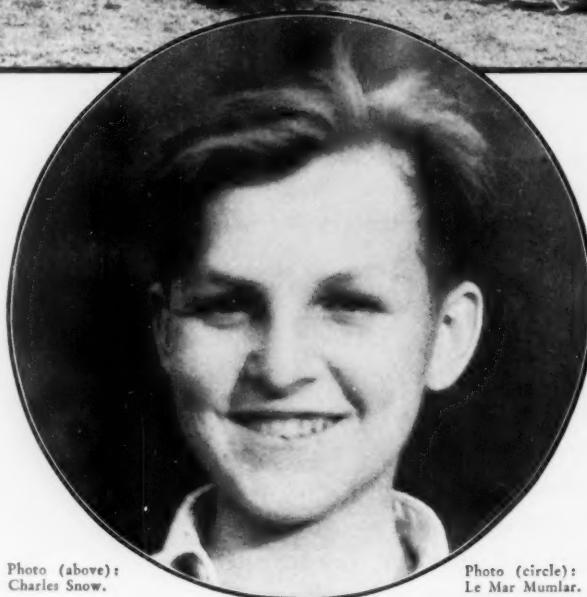


Photo (above): Charles Snow.

Photo (circle): Le Mar Mumlar.

A smiling boy—typical of a generation now growing up.

Soldier badge; that is, a disc of leather on which was a broad arrow decorated with three tracks in a line, which is the symbol of the motto: *I walk straight.*

"Follow me and

keep quiet. We are going to the Haunted Cave," I whispered.

They followed, but some of them looked distinctly uncomfortable.

The "Haunted Cave" wasn't much of a cave—just a hollow in the woods with some high rocks around.

Here I lighted the sacred fire with the rubbing-sticks, and explained in a whisper that this was the Indian way. I was going to swear in the five Dog Soldiers, who were the fearless strong-arm squad in an Indian village.

They watched the making of the rubbing-stick fire with intense interest; they had heard of such things but had never before seen it done—or even believed it possible. As soon as it was well ablaze, I took a handful of green grass and put it on the fire.

"There you see it. That is the Holy Smoke that must rise and surround the club, to make it magic.

This is to be a blood oath; that is, each one must seal it with his blood. If any of you are scared, it is a good time now to back out. We don't want any chicken hearts in our Dog Soldier Band."

One or two, I am sure, wanted to back out, but they didn't dare. So I went on, whispering: "Each man hold out his left hand flat."

They did so, and after painting the base of the thumb with iodine, I made a slight cut with the razor blade.

"Now," I whispered hoarsely, "each take in your right hand a handful of ashes. Each with his left hand grasp the shank of the war club. Now stand, all looking towards the sky, all with one hand holding the war club upright in the Holy Smoke, and repeat after me:

"I PLEDGE the might of my manhood to the maintenance of law and order in this camp. I will obey my chief; and if at any time I fail, through fear entering into my heart, to be the guide of my feet, may I be cast aside, scorned, and forgotten like this handful of ashes (here each flung the ashes afar). And this pledge I have sealed with my blood."

Surely, the blood from the cut in each left hand had stained a little the handle of the club.

"Now," I said, "you are sworn in as Dog Soldiers. You are bound by a *blood oath*. If you fail to keep that, it will bring the bone rot on you."

Then I painted all the cuts again with iodine, and on the left arm of each put the armband with the badge.

"You are my Dog Soldiers, my strong-arm squad. If I want one of you to get busy, I slap my thigh so, and yelp—so. If I want two, I slap my thigh twice, and give two yelps, and so on.

"And when I tell you 'Swat that fellow,' you do it. Hand him one in the jaw, [Continued on page 57]

Photo: R. S. Kramer.



Every normal boy is full of energy and curiosity. Whether it is expended in dubious experiments in a questionable environment or under the guiding hand of an understanding adult is a problem largely up to fathers and mothers.

Back in 1902 the author began to apply principles of Indian woodcraft he had learned in his own boyhood on the plains, to catching the imagination of youngsters. Here he is showing a rapt group how Indians make fire by rapidly twirling one stick into another. The result, of course, is Holy Smoke!

Who Should Make War Munitions?

The Government

-Says Viscount Cecil

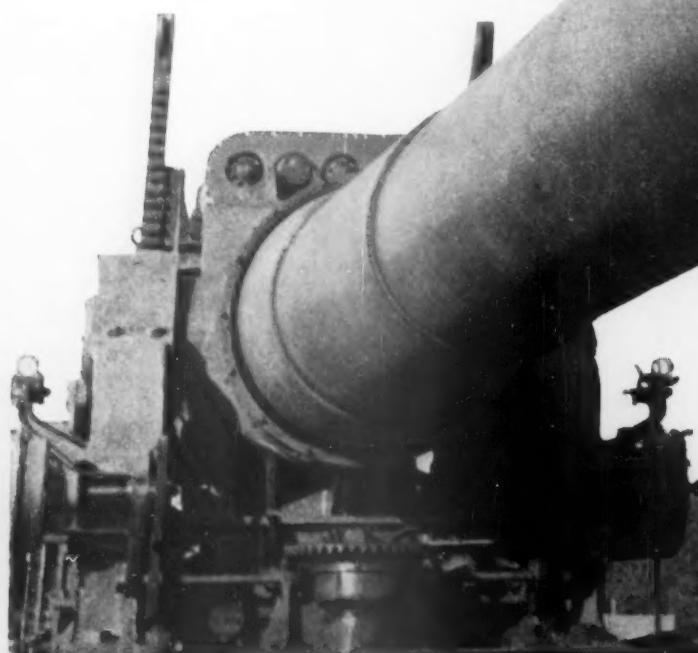
CIvilization is today faced with the most crucial international situation since 1914. The crisis has not burst upon us suddenly. It has developed by successive stages, watched with growing anxiety by millions of men and women, and involving national movements of great magnitude.

Consider the situation. Sixteen years have gone by since the greatest war in history which, with its toll of ten million dead, its appalling legacy of mutilated men, sorrowful homes and material loss past human reckoning, gave an unprecedented impetus to the determination to organize international peace. Yet in these few years the reaction against war seems largely to have spent itself, and has been succeeded by violent nationalist passions in several countries which are the very raw material of war. The League of Nations, composed as it is of representatives of the principal powers of the world with the exception, up to date, of Russia and the United States, inevitably reflects the prevailing sentiment of its constituent countries.

After two years the first World Disarmament Conference, which started with such high hopes

THE accompanying articles, presenting reasoned and authoritative *pro* and *con* statements on an issue seldom so handled, aptly illustrate the truism that to all questions there are two sides. . . . Newspaper readers will sense a special timeliness in this exchange of opinion for recently a committee of the Disarmament Conference proposed to all nations that arms be registered and sales closely supervised. Brief comments are welcomed.—*The Editors.*

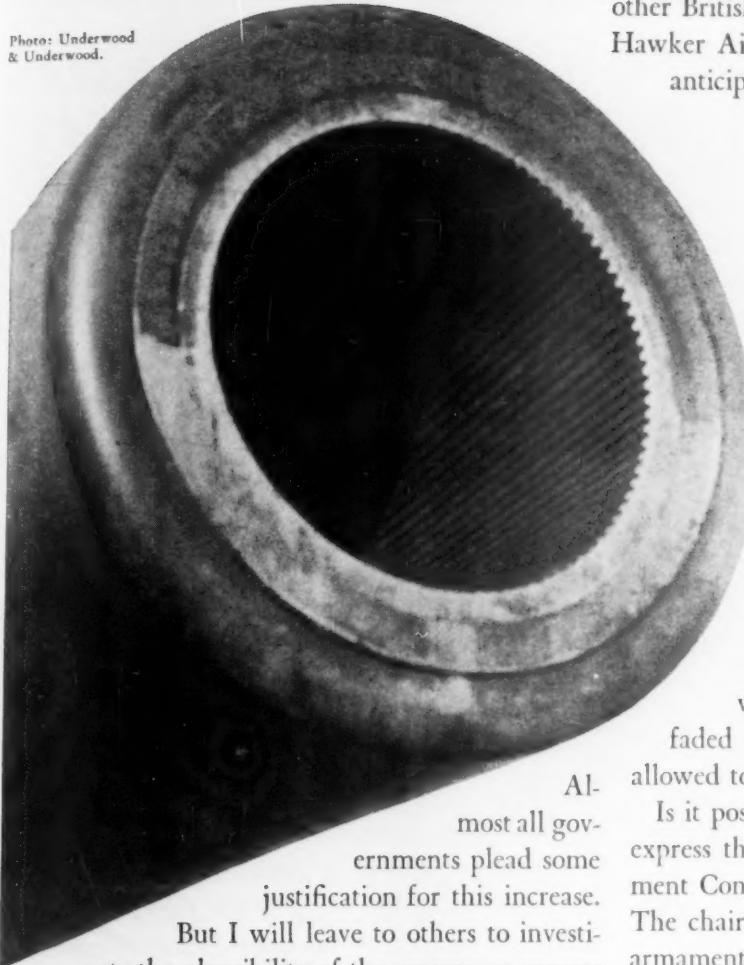
based on the signed petitions of millions of enthusiastic women, of men who had fought in the war, and of the student and peace organizations of the entire world, seems on the verge of failure. In almost every country, warlike preparations are being increased in a manner which can only be compared to the beginnings of the armaments race which, from the opening of the century until 1914, contributed so much to the actual outbreak of war.



"It may be said that it is impossible to remove altogether from private enterprise the manufacture of arms in all its stages, from the raw material onward. I agree. But I can see no reason why the completion and sale of any warlike weapon or ammunition should not be in the hands of the State."



Photo: Underwood
& Underwood.



All
most all gov-
ernments plead some
justification for this increase.

But I will leave to others to investigate the plausibility of the reasons or excuses given by the various governments for this outpouring of public money. I will only ask, "Who stands to gain by this swollen demand for armaments?" When we have answered that question we shall have less difficulty in determining who are responsible for the ruin of the Disarmament Conference and the danger of war which is now hanging over our heads.

It is obvious that the taxpayers have everything to lose by these developments, and the workers nothing but a limited amount of employment to gain from them. It is obvious that all who remember the sorrows and losses of the last war must view them with profound concern.

An outspoken soldier, the late Field Marshal Sir William Robertson, used to say "war hurts everybody, benefits nobody except the profiteers, and settles nothing." That is eminently true, and it is as true of the preparation for war as it is of war itself. The private manufacturers of armaments are the vultures who are battenning on the fears of humanity.

"We have supplied more foreign countries with

military aircraft, exclusive of training types, than any other British firm," said Mr. Sopwith, the chairman of Hawker Aircraft, at a recent company meeting. "We anticipate that our foreign markets will increase during the next twelve months."

And then another great firm, De Haviland Aircraft, Ltd., reports: "There has been a good deal of activity in the aircraft section, stimulated doubtless by the rapidly dwindling prospects of disarmament."

And almost on the same day on which the British Draft Disarmament Convention was being tabled at Geneva (March 15th, 1933), *The Aeroplane*, the principal organ of the British aviation industry, complacently remarked: "The manufacturers of both aeroplanes and engines may hope for increased turnovers and profits a year or so hence when the Disarmament Conference has faded out of the programme and expansion is allowed to proceed."

Is it possible that the gentlemen, who so candidly express themselves thus, do not *want* the Disarmament Conference to "fade out?" Of course they do. The chairman of Vickers, Ltd., the greatest British armaments combine, complained at the annual meeting in 1932 that the "reduction in armaments, under the influence of public opinion, both in this and other countries, has affected adversely your company's trading result."

THAT was at the beginning of the Disarmament Conference; but no such lament is to be discovered in his reports at the two subsequent annual meetings, at the last of which a number of embarrassing questions were asked on such subjects as Vickers-Armstrong's illustrated advertisements, in German military journals, of tanks that were forbidden to Germany under the Treaty of Versailles, and which were among the weapons, the abolition of which was being seriously considered by the Disarmament Conference at the time.

Even more flagrant instances of the sabotage of the disarmament movement by the great armaments industry can be cited from other countries. M. de Wendel, for instance, who is the president of the Comité des Forges, and a director of the Bank of France and a munitions [Continued on page 46]

Who Should Make War Munitions?

SIXTEEN years ago, at the end of what people were then wont to describe as a "war to end wars," a group of statesmen, politicians, soldiers, diplomats, and idealists met in Paris to draw up a peace treaty, known today as the Treaty of Versailles. They also found time to formulate a document called the Covenant of the League of Nations.

On one day these negotiators were stern realists, concerned over the best way to render harmless, for a specified period at least, an enemy with which they had for four long years been locked in a life and death struggle; on the next, figuratively speaking, some of the same negotiators were lost in the clouds, dreaming of establishing a Utopia in which Man would hammer his swords into implements of peace—ploughshares and what-not—and the day when wars would be no more.

They inserted in the Covenant, Article VIII, Paragraph 5, which reads:

The members of the League of Nations agree that the manufacture by private enterprise of munitions and implements of war is open to grave objections. The Council (of the League) shall advise how the evil effects attendant upon such manufacture can be prevented, due regard being had to the necessities of those members of the League which are not able to manufacture the munitions and implements of war necessary for their safety.

A few years later, when the League was a more or less going concern, the Council appointed a First Sub-Committee of the Temporary Mixed Commission, to conduct an inquiry into the question of the private manufacture of arms, and report its conclusions. This

Photo: Acme.

"And what is necessary to assure victory? . . Superiority in death-dealing weapons."

The Private Interests, Regulated —Says Pertinax

Distinguished French Commentator on Affairs

Committee, in Official Document A. 1, 1921, declared, as follows:

That armament firms have been active in fomenting war scares and in persuading their countries to adopt warlike policies and to increase their armaments;

That armament firms have attempted to bribe government officials both at home and abroad;

That armament firms have disseminated false reports concerning the military and naval programmes of various countries in order to stimulate armament expenditures;

That armament firms have sought to influence public opinion through the control of newspapers in their own and foreign countries;

That armament firms have organized international armament rings through which the armaments race has been accentuated by playing off one country against another;

That armament firms have organized international armament trusts, increasing the price of armaments to governments.

The above indictment is sweeping. If true, it establishes beyond doubt that, as the League Covenant drafters agreed, the private manufacture of munitions and implements of war is open to "grave objections."

The report of the Sub-Committee of the Temporary

Mixed Commission appears to have been the real genesis of the tidal wave of criticism, denunciation, and innuendo against the so-





Photo: Wide World.

"It has been said, with good reason, that if there ever is another world war, civilization, as it exists today, will perish through the terrible armament Frankensteins of modern science."

called "armaments barons" which has reached fantastic proportions in recent years. Some of the criticism is merited, no doubt; much of it is professional muckraking, reformist hysteria, and moral racketeering.

I have taken the trouble to delve deeply into the musty records of the League of Nations, to ascertain, if possible, the evidence upon which the indictment of the Sub-Committee of the Temporary Mixed Commission is drawn. There are no official minutes, no *procès verbal* or detailed stenographic report of the proceedings. Only the document itself.

Two members of that sub-committee, who were largely responsible for the drafting of the resolution, are Dr. Manley O. Hudson, Bemis Professor of International Law at Harvard, and Philip Noel Baker, of the British Labor Party and an ex-member of Parliament. Both are extremely able men, whose sincerity none will challenge. But it seems strange that the alleged evidence upon which such a damning document was based was not preserved and recorded—not only preserved but made public so that the "arms barons" would have had to make a defense and the people of the world would know the real facts behind the findings.

There is a rumor around the League at Geneva that there was no real evidence, except the unauthenticated hearsay of diplomats; the fantastic stories

about equally mysterious personages such as Sir Basil Zaharoff and others who wove in and out of wartime diplomacy; the sensational stories published in newspapers; the parliamentary speeches of radical deputies bent upon destroying the capitalistic system or capitalizing upon the social upheavals which followed the armistice; and diplomatic forgeries which have periodically flooded Europe since the Bolsheviks seized power. *Vide* the Zinovieff letter which brought about the defeat of the British Labor Party, and the alleged secret documents sold to newspapermen in that propaganda factory of the Baltic, Riga.

UNQUESTIONABLY there is a grain of truth in the deductions of the Sub-Committee of the Temporary Mixed Commission; there may even be more truth in some of their charges than has ever seen the light of day.

But since the rumor which floats about Geneva is only a rumor, we shall let it stand at that until what really happened is eventually revealed.

To obtain a sane perspective of the problem of armaments manufacture, and even of disarmament, one must have an open mind and accept facts. What are the facts involved?

Armaments are the direct results of war. In other words: War creates the [Continued on page 48]



Photo: Fairchild Aerial Surveys, reproduced through courtesy of Travelers Insurance Company.

Are you one of the chance-takers who gamble 17 million minutes to 1? Every day thousands take that chance, many lose. (See further explanation, below.)

Drive So As to Arrive

By Ab Jenkins . . . as told to Henry Morton Robinson

THE first car I ever drove was a one-lunged Reo that sometimes went fourteen miles an hour—for part of an hour. My present car is a twelve-cylinder 207-horsepower Pierce-Arrow in which I recently averaged 118 miles an hour for twenty-four hours, thereby breaking all existing records for speed, dis-



THE difference in the value of time illustrated on this page is on the basis of an average adult of 35 years of age. The minute hand on the large clock at the top of the page, the diameter of which extends across three miles of metropolitan New York, would require thirty-three years to go around, moving at the same rate as the minute hand on the small clock (above) the diameter of which is two-thirds of an inch. Countless motorists and pedestrians frequently within a single day gamble the remaining years of their lives with the stakes offering no more than a minute as the prize. It is just as illogical as to risk 17 million dollars to gain possession of one dollar more. At the younger ages, the stakes are even higher.

distance, and endurance. In between, I've piloted all kinds of cars under all sorts of conditions, on race tracks and boulevards, up mountain peaks and across continents, a million and a half miles altogether—sixty times around the world—*without an accident!*

When I tell you that in the United States alone, 850,000 people were injured and 30,000 killed in

automobile accidents last year, I imagine my record for safe driving will mean more to you (it certainly does to me) than all the speed-king cups in the world. Fast driving happens to mean my livelihood, but safe driving means life itself, to me and to everyone I encounter on the road.

Our motor-car casualties make ugly statistics, and they're getting uglier all the time. Who's to blame?

"Not us," cry the manufacturers, "we're building cars with higher safety margins every year."

"Not us," say the road-makers, "the highways are getting broader and straighter all the time."

BY SIMPLE elimination therefore, it appears that the human driving factor—you, I, and especially the cheese-brained idiot who drives with nothing but his horn and accelerator—must accept responsibility for the ghastly misuse of the automobile today. I discovered a long time ago, however, that vague generalities about "social responsibility" don't clear up the automobile shambles, so I've decided to approach the problem in this way:

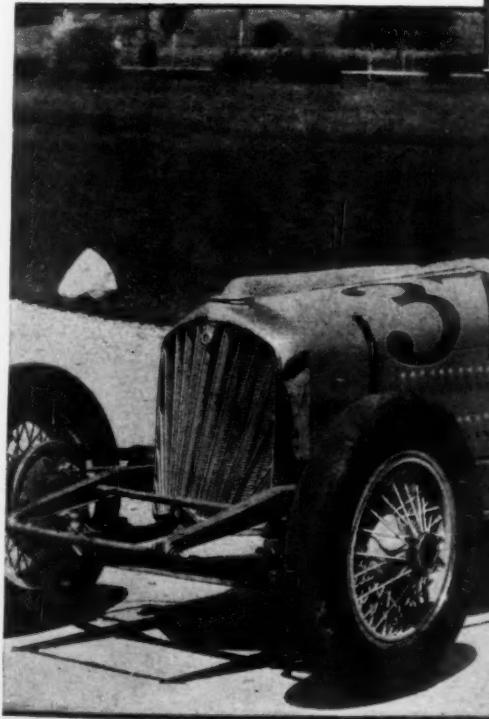
Efficient driving is safe driving. If we can raise the level of technical efficiency among American drivers,

we'll be taking a long step toward abolishing automobile accidents. Now the encouraging thing is that the average person can learn the technique of efficient driving. There are definite rules and pointers to help him, and I propose to set down, here and now, as many as I can.

First, I want to advance a pet idea that has been helpful to me in my own driving. I call it *Reading the Road*. The phrase practically explains itself. I regard the road as an open page, a constantly unwinding scroll on which various signs and meanings stand forth for my guidance. Traffic lights, pedestrians, cars approaching and passing—all these are clearly written characters that must be read, interpreted, and acted upon, each according to its significance. Expert readers form the habit of keeping three or four lines "ahead of themselves," and it's a habit that motorists might well imitate. I believe that this concentration on the road-page is a full-time job, for no matter what manufacturers tell you, there's no such thing as "just loafing along" in an automobile.

Now I don't mean that you should

Photo: National Safety Council.

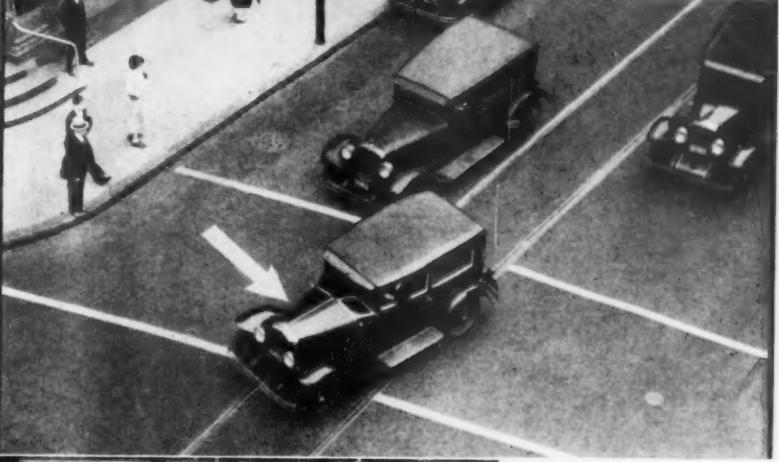


Every highway has its quota of discourteous drivers who monopolize the middle of the road and hold up a line of exasperated motorists (top). The latter then take chances in passing—the result frequently being side-swipes or bad head-on collisions.

Another menace to safety is the driver out of his lane who, without warning, swings right.

Ab Jenkins (left) has broken all records for speed, distance, and endurance—and yet has never had an accident.

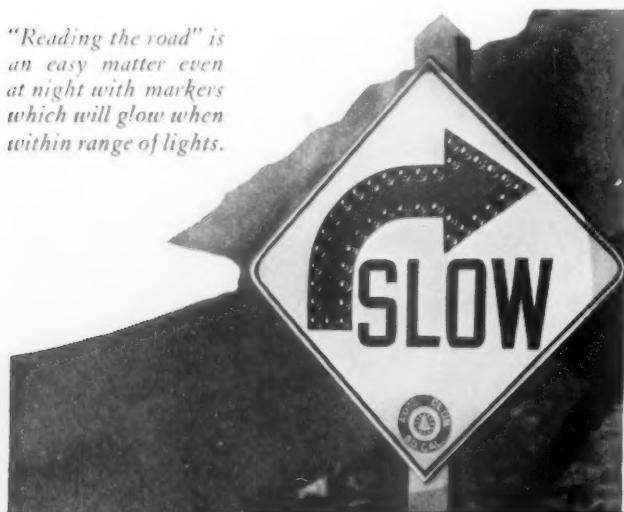
Photos: Courtesy, Travelers Insurance Company.



wheel, and seat-cushions adjusted to that position. Cars are built for the average-sized person, but if you happen to be short-legged, have an extension put on the clutch and accelerator. Fix the mirror so you can see behind you without craning your neck. Any tension you avoid will be so much energy saved for long drives and emergencies.

Your hands should rest lightly but firmly on the steering-wheel. I find that the 10:20 position (speaking clockwise) is best for me, but for persons with shorter arms the 8:20 position is perfectly efficient. And keep both hands on the wheel. The only two people I know who are competent to drive one-handed are Eddie Rickenbacker and Ralph de Palma—and both of them use two hands.

"Reading the road" is an easy matter even at night with markers which will glow when within range of lights.

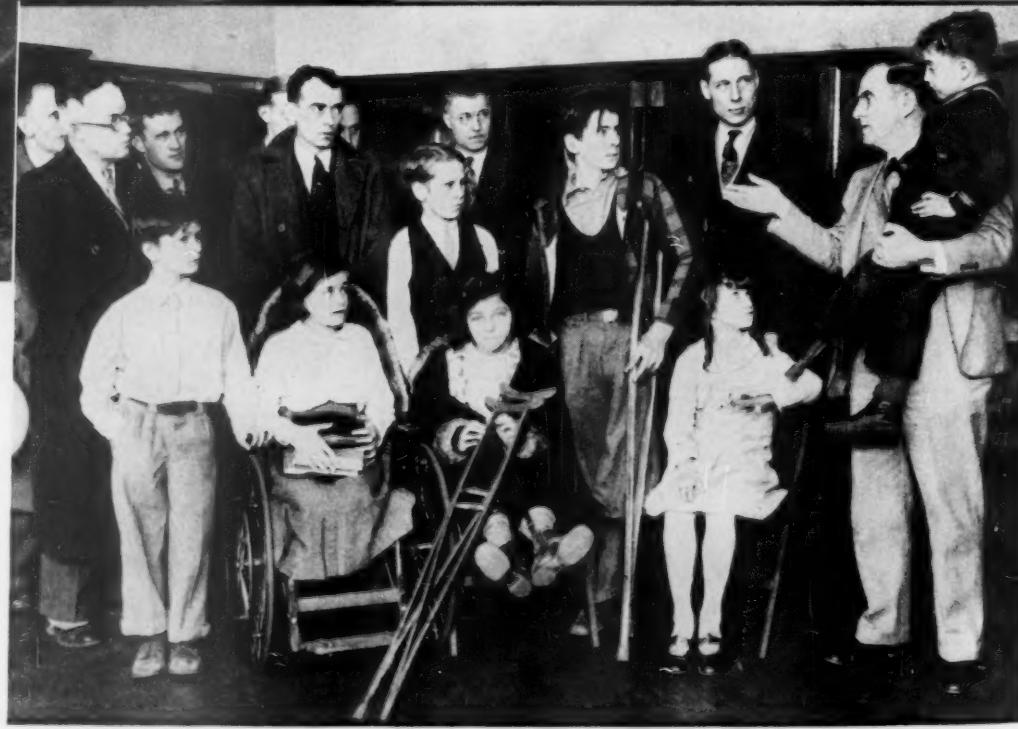


An object lesson for reckless drivers . . . The men in the rear row are defendants in cases involving motor accidents. At the right is a judge of a metropolitan court who, to impress upon them the seriousness of their offences, is showing them the toll of careless driving. Autos killed 30,000 and injured 850,000 in America in 1933.

During the first hundred yards of driving, I always test my brakes by pushing down the pedal. The brakes may have frozen, they may be greasy, or need adjustment, and I want to know it before leaning against them in a pinch. The next thing I note is what might be called "atmospheric conditions,"—sun-glare, fog, drizzle, heat-mirage. All of these influence my driving tactics. Incidentally, I consult my own atmospheric condition too. If I'm in the pink, mentally and physically, I know I can do things with my car that I wouldn't even attempt if I were fatigued, worried, or nervous. Such warning signals as headache, jumpy nerves, loss of temper, should never go unheeded; if it's imperative that you drive under these conditions, always allow yourself a wider latitude of safety.

SCRUTINY of the road surface is an established part of my routine. "What kind of traction am I getting?" is as important a question as "How is my motor performing?" because I know that even the most skilful driver cannot control his car unless the wheels are getting traction—that is, gripping the road. A road that offers plenty of traction when dry may be a veritable path of danger when wet; loose sand is unreliable; gravel, wet asphalt, and wooden blocks treated with asphalt are all treacherous. If there's a glaze of ice on the road, the wisest thing to do is drive your car into the [Continued on page 59]

Photos: Acme.



Putting Begins At Home

By Francis Ouimet

*Former United States National Amateur
and National Open Champion*

CAN golf be taught? The answer, of course, is: Yes. But I should like to "view with alarm" the usual method. You know it, of course. The would-be pupil is on the course with his friend from whom he would learn. You know what happens.

The would-be walks



Here is the grip and here is the man: Olin Dutra, new U. S. Open champion.

"I don't know," he will say, "but I'm badly off my tee shot. I seem to be slicing and I wish you would help me get rid of it." After a bit of preliminary warm-up swings, he stands up, hits the ball—and sends it just where he said he would, curving off to the right.

"There! I knew it. Now tell me what did I do?"

Usually it appears that he either fell away from the ball as he was cutting it, or else, after starting the club-head down correctly, he pulled his arms in at the moment of impact which, of course, sent the ball reeling to the right field. His more expert friend tells him these things. The would-be goes on, arrives at his ball. His next shot is a mashie pitch. Perhaps he plays that satisfactorily, and goes down on two putts for a four. But next time on the tee, he slices again—and can't understand why because he has tried to carry out the suggestions given.

Well, the *real* reason is simple, very simple. The "average" golfer does not live who can take a driver, slice his tee shot, listen to a suggestion, play the next two or three shots, and then take up his driver again and play a straight shot. It just can't be done.



Photo: Underwood & Underwood.

Golf can be taught, but it is necessary not only to have the right instructor, but the proper *time* and *place*. Certainly a match affords neither. There is only one way to learn, and that is to get out on the practice green with a couple of old balls and your coach, and then to hit the balls constantly until you have ironed out the trouble. It cannot be done in the ordinary game of golf. A Bobby Jones or a Gene Sarazen can correct a fault in the middle of their game, but not the average player.

TO THE spectator, the sort of golf played by the topnotchers is without worry of any kind. Apparently these men never see a trap or rough, and pay no attention to trees. But do not be deceived. Even the best of them, when their game seems a bit erratic, take an hour or two for practice and work over the rough spot so that when a championship match comes along they are prepared to do their very best and are not going to be influenced by outside thoughts or suggestions of any kind.

A friend who played in the competition class of thirty years ago once told me how he learned this

lesson. Being a natural athlete, he took to golf and within a year found himself in the semi-finals of a championship by defeating three first-class golfers, any one of whom was supposed to be his superior. His style was to stand on a tee, take his stance, and whack the ball straight down the middle, without fear of long grass, trees, or hazards. He played his iron shots in like manner, free from disturbing thoughts.

THAT night he began to worry about his swing, and practiced before a mirror at home. Up to then, he had been playing in his own style; now he began to think about it, and became self-conscious. The next day as he stood on the first tee, the trees on the left and right of the fairway, which he had scarcely noticed the day before, seemed almost to come together. His first tee shot went crashing into trees on the left. A few holes later, driving down another lane of trees which were a generous distance apart, the same thought struck him. Remembering the mishap of his first tee, he deliberately played to the right. The resultant slice sent his ball so far into the woods that it was never

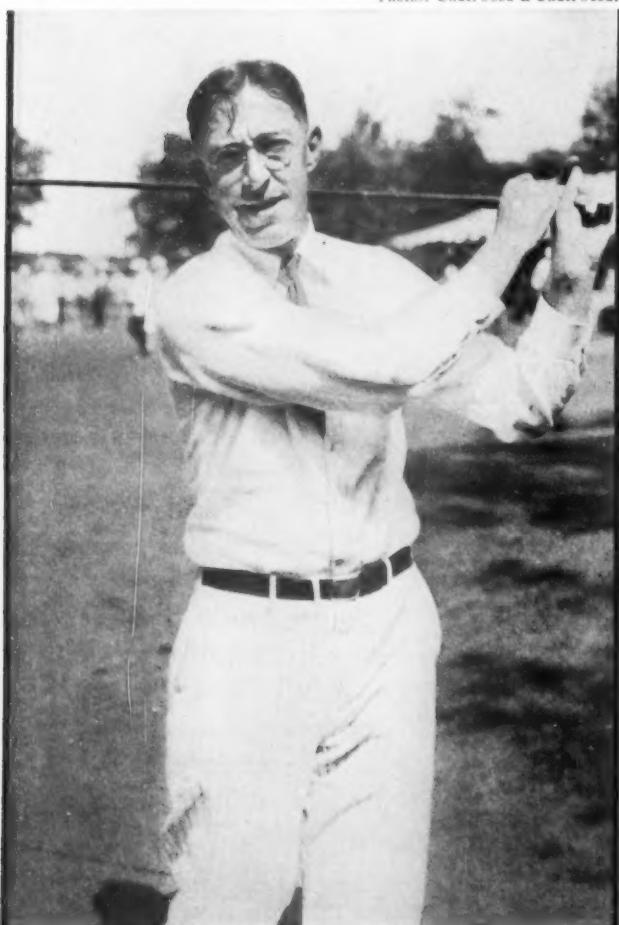
found. His confidence was gone. For the rest of the round he did nothing right and he was soundly beaten. But being intelligent, he learned his lesson that the links is no place and a match is no time to have negative thoughts, for they destroy the singleness of purpose and self assurance so essential to a good game. He thereafter practiced and experimented at home, and when he got on the course he *played*.

Many golfers who read these lines are doubtless men in middle age. They enjoy the ancient sport, but it is easy for them to play along at what is at best a mediocre brand of golf. To such individuals, golf is a puzzle, an insolvable one, and merely provides exercise. They miss much. Little do they realize that with a bit of persistent practice they can cut strokes off their normal scores and by so doing derive tremendous personal pleasure as well as have the exercise they desire.



Showing how the champions grip their drivers—Johnny Goodman (at top), Bobby Jones, and Gene Sarazen.

Photos: Underwood & Underwood.



The late Walter J. Travis never handled a club until he was thirty-five years old, and yet in eight comparatively short years he won the United States National title three times as well as a British Amateur championship. Walter J., as he was referred to by his friends, earned his successes by hard work. Instead of trying to learn the game all at once and in general, he followed Napoleon's motto: "Divide and conquer." After mastering a satisfactory tee shot, he concentrated on the approaching and putting angle of the game. In these strokes he became the finest exponent that the game of golf has ever known, and I doubt whether his equal in putting ever has been seen.

His game was planned, *allowing for failures as well as successes*. The championship of 1908 was played on

Francis Ouimet, himself, the man who, seventeen years after he had held the United States Open title, "came back" to capture the National Amateur championship.

his home course at Garden City, New York. He did not win the main event, but his play was one of the outstanding features of that contest. After winning a match or two, his next opponent was a brilliant young college golfer, Henry Wilder. Early the evening before the match, Walter J. went to the seventeenth hole—a long two shotter, too long for him but within the range of the long shooters. He knew where two of his best shots would end, forty yards from the green, and he dropped his practice balls there. For three-quarters of an hour he played approaches. Then he putted for another half-hour.

MY MATCH may be close," he reasoned. "Wilder will have a big advantage if we have to play the seventeenth hole. I must be prepared to offset his advantage in distance with my approach and putt because I cannot get to the cup in two."

Wilder had much the advantage throughout the day. At last he stood four up and four to play. Grand old Walter J., however, played steadily and managed to win two holes back and stood on the seventeenth

Photos: Acme.



tee with two down and as many to play. Two fine drives split the fairway. Wilder's landed within range of the green, but this bothered Travis not at all. He banged his brassie—and the ball halted in the very spot where he had practiced the evening before.

Wilder made the edge of the green in two. Seemingly, the hole was his, for Walter J.'s approach left him an "impossible" putt. Travis missed his approach, but don't forget that he had practiced putting on this



Until he was thirty-five, Walter J. Travis had not touched a club. Yet he won both American and British championships. "And I doubt," comments Author Ouimet, "whether his equal in putting has ever been seen."

Johnny Goodman (left), of the American Walker Cup team, made two loyal friends at St. Andrews, Scotland. They took great delight in following him around during his practice.

very green. His ball negotiated several rolls and rolled steadily into the cup. Wilder missed his six foot putt, and the veteran won the hole. The rest of the story is that he took the next to even the match and then, after halving three holes, won on the fortieth.

This anecdote from golfing's medieval history, if you think it over, carries a double moral not only for the average golfer but for the topnotcher of today. It is, first, *practice*; second, *plan*. How many match players today look ahead and plan strategy as did old Walter J.? None, [Continued on page 53]



Below the hinge, in the glare of the headlights, is the electric eye. The moment after this photograph was taken, presto! the garage doors slid open quietly and quickly without the motorist having stirred once from his seat.

Here is modern-day magic! The instant this thirsty young lady's head intercepts the beam of light, the mechanism of this water fountain leaps into action, and water begins to flow. When she raises her head, it stops.



The Amazing Electric Eye

By John Winthrop Hammond

SOME fifty years ago a little New Jersey farm hamlet was regarded as one of the wonder spots of the earth. There, at Menlo Park, Edison had produced an electric lamp of a size convenient for use in the home. To that generation, accustomed to striking matches and turning on gas jets, it seemed like a revelation of magic to press a switch and instantly, without further ado, have light.

But today it is possible quietly to continue your occupation at desk or table or in easy chair until, as the afternoon shadows deepen, the room is suddenly illuminated long before your eyes feel any strain, and without the slightest effort on your part. Of such magic is "the electric eye," so-called.

Edison's lamp could be lighted by far-reaching electric fingers. To it the scientists and engineers of today have added a sensitive eye whose reactions to light sets off mechanisms that give us a tireless servitor whose wages are low, whose versatility is amazing, and whose reliability exceeds any of the assorted genii lavishly extolled in the *Arabian Nights*.

To technical folk the electric eye is known by the more prosaic name of photoelectric tube—or just plain phototube. The term is both accurate and revealing. Just as a photograph is a picture made with a sensitized plate or film affected by light, so the photoelectric tube is a device in which an electric current is affected by variations in light. It is a contrivance that belongs to the great family of vacuum tubes, new since the period of the war, and already the source of a new technique in electrical engineering.

The electric eye in the upper right corner protects these school children from eye-strain. When the light is dim, it automatically switches lights on. It never sleeps, never forgets, never tires—the perfect janitor.

No kicking open of this door, nor colliding with another tray-laden waitress. The ray of light in the foreground, when interrupted, whispers the word along that the maid is coming and the doors open quietly.



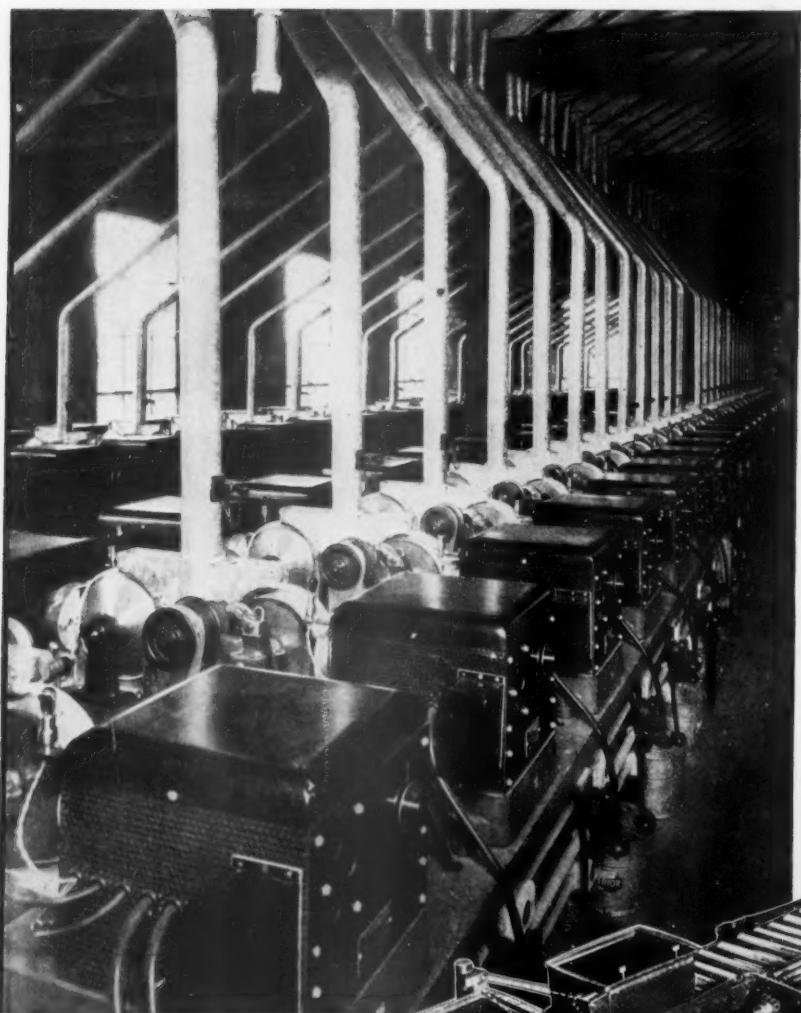
An unsleeping sentinel, it watches for those changes in conditions which cause its instant and unfailing response. Its sole duty is to transmit a quick telegraphic message to some other tube farther back in the electrical system. Thereupon electric contacts and relays click into action behind the scenes, turning on lights when needed, operating magnetic mechanisms, causing indicating dials to move, or starting electric motors that perform all manner of useful mechanical tasks which man thinks of as drudgery.

In the photoelectric tube, opposite a plate, which is always kept positively charged, is a metallic target the surface of which is coated with one of the alkali metals—usually caesium. Through an opening, or “window,” in the side of the tube, light is allowed to fall upon this caesium target, producing an extraordinary effect. The tiny electrons in the atoms of the caesium become greatly excited when the light hits them, until large numbers of these inconceivably small particles shoot out into the open space of the tube.

THESE electrons, being negatively charged, are irresistibly attracted to the positively charged plate. They swarm across from the target to the plate in a continuous stream, thereby setting up an electric current—an extremely weak current, it is true, but quite capable of being transmitted to another differently designed electronic tube located nearby, which greatly augments the strength of the current. Thus amplified, the current, applied through suitable electrical devices and under perfect control, can be put to work.

The work which it performs is sometimes new work for electricity to do; quite frequently it is work that electricity has been doing for years. But in every case it is done exactly at the time it is needed, and at no other time; and in no case where phototubes are involved is anyone obliged to tell electricity, by moving a switch, when it is time to start working.

A phototube in a school room, for example, may be located in the corner most remote from the windows. Here it watches alertly through the hours,



You would hardly know it, but this (above) is a battery of bean sorters. All off-color beans are spotted by the electric eye and thrown into a hopper.

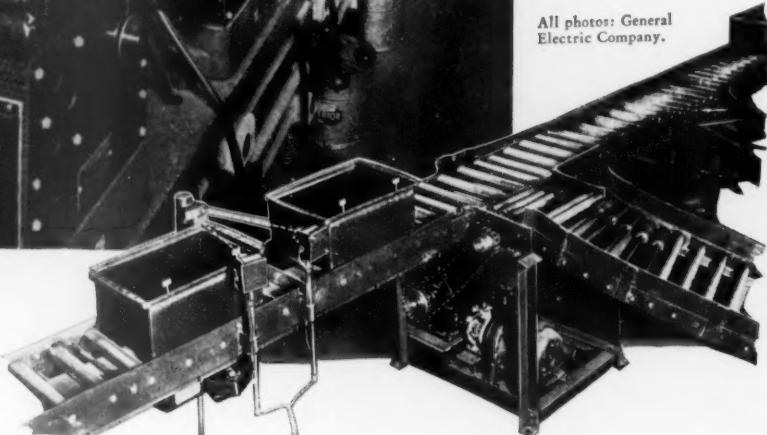
with the patience of a spider. Its sleepless, unwinking eye is turned toward the windows so that the streaming sunlight enters and falls upon its caesium target. The feeble electronic current thus is constantly flowing within the tube, but this particular electric circuit is so designed that nothing happens so long as the current is above a certain intensity. Outside a storm approaches; the sky darkens; the volume of light reaching the caesium target is cut down. Consequently fewer electrons travel toward the charged plate and hence the feeble electric current becomes still more feeble.

This change in the current's intensity instantly puts in action electric control switches—and the room lights are turned on, exactly when needed, before there has been the slightest eye-strain imposed

upon the pupils. Half an hour later the storm passes, the sun again shines, and the electric eye, noting this change, immediately sends word along the circuit to the control switches, which promptly turn off the lights. Throughout this period, teacher and pupils have continued their work without losing a moment or even interrupting their train of thought.

In a noisy steel mill the steel bars, white hot, and hence incandescent, are scrutinized by an impassive electric eye placed immediately above the path of the bars as they come forth from the giant rolls at a speed of 1,200 feet a minute. The incandescent radiance, as the end of the bar travels past beneath the electric eye, sets up

All photos: General Electric Company.



Here the versatile electric eye again is a sorter. When the metal boxes on the conveyor system have the white flags placed so as to break two light beams simultaneously, the boxes slip down the chute to the right; otherwise, they continue on straight ahead. Similar use of the electric eye speeds mail distribution.

a weak electric current inside the tube, and in a moment—a whole sequence of operations has occurred, including the action of a cutting tool which cuts the bar to a predetermined length, and ends with the thrust of the "kick-off" mechanism, by which the bar is pushed sideways off the rolls. And all this happens over and over again.

The vigilance of the electric eye has already become proverbial. It stands forth impressively in the sorting of beans, to prevent dark colored beans from getting in with the white beans. In this kind of sorting, the beans travel in endless procession upon a drum, passing between a ray of light and a photoelectric tube. The light is reflected from the beans into the eye, and again nothing happens so long as only white beans come along. [Continued on page 52]

Rotary Under the Microscope

By Allen D. Albert, D.Sc.

President, Rotary International, 1915-16

A NEW sign has been given that Rotary has come of age. Science has put the species under the microscope.

The specimen in this instance was the oldest and largest club in Rotary, that of Chicago, and it walked into the laboratory and asked to be examined. The very success of the club has disturbed its leaders lest it drill along in a rut. These are men, from Paul Harris to the latest president, to whom the evolution of Rotary has been a personal experience. They would have desired an impartial estimate of their leadership on general principles. Then, about two years ago, came a proposal, arising from experience with several important problems, that a scientific survey be made by unbiased and thoroughly equipped outside investigators. This proposal was inspired by the question:

"How do we know that Rotary is fulfilling its opportunities in Chicago?"

For trustworthy answer a committee of Chicago Rotarians turned to the great university which bears the name of their city. The committeemen hoped that not only their club but clubs in other cities might gain from an inquiry into the operation of Rotary in the urban center which had known Rotary longest.

The negotiations were not simple, as any of you

A rapid review of findings and conclusions of the research men who recently made a study of the Chicago Rotary Club, "Old No. 1"

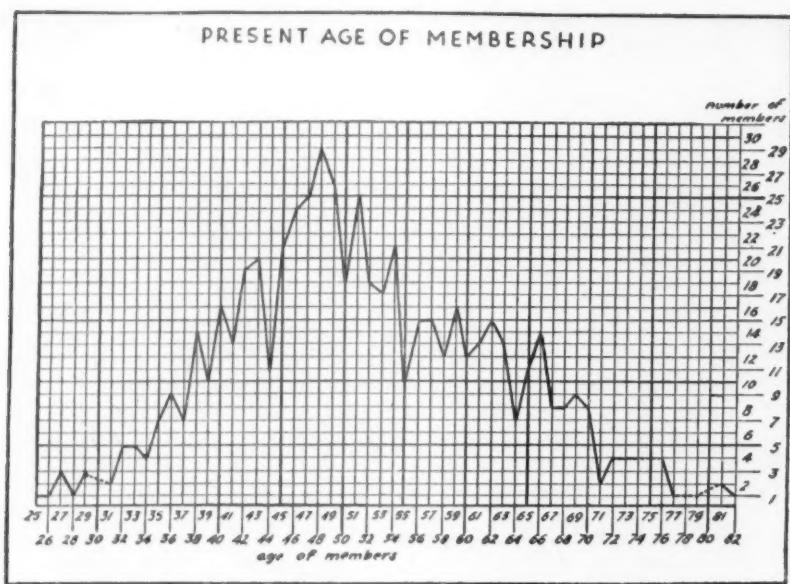
will understand who have dealt with a university. The club must pay all the bills—devoting any possible profit to a worthy cause; it must afford all reasonable help; it must keep hands off; and when the report should be completed, it must be the independent and unhampered conclusions of the inquirers, published under their control, and kept inviolate from mutilation. The appearance of a modest and circumspect 300-page volume, *Rotary?*, in June, 1934, over the imprint of the University of Chicago Press, is evidence, my readers, that all of the conditions were met.

In the opinion of this reviewer, the inquiry has been thoroughly prosecuted and excellently reported. The document which has resulted should implement our thinking about Rotary in these changing times. Moreover, wherever social scientists have been impressed with the rise of Rotary as an important world influence they may be expected not only to study this estimate but to make use of it as a source book.

Yet Rotarians should be warned that if they read the report only to

Photo: Wesley Bowman, Chicago.





Here is the answer of the Chicago Rotary Club to the often-asked question of whether Rotary is becoming an organization of older men.

find the perfections of Rotary, they will be grieved. This is a surgeon's chart rather than a ritual chart. The club is vivisected as impartially and coolly as though it were on the operating table. If we are the back-slapping, bread-throwing, crude company we have been pictured here and there, such a statement as this will hardly penetrate into the thickness above our ears. If we are anything better, especially if we are earnest men who seek to serve our fellows, we shall have here something of a range-finder for the Rotary of tomorrow.

For any of us, Rotarians or non-Rotarians, the material will be at times disturbing, at times amusing, at times breath-taking; always an absorbing interpretation of an influence which in a quarter of a century has spread around the world.

Seven men directed

These are the four original Rotarians who, with a few other friends, started the Rotary Club of Chicago in 1905. They are, left to right: Silvester Schiele, first president of Chicago Rotary; Paul P. Harris, president emeritus; Hiram Shorey, and Gus Loehr. This photograph was first published in the March, 1912, issue of the "National Rotarian."

the analysis. They were four from the faculty of the University of Chicago and three from The Public Administration Clearing House, and were organized as "The Social Science Research Committee."

The chairman was Louis Brownlow, now director of the Public Administration Clearing House, formerly head of the city government at Washington, D. C., sometime city manager of Knoxville, Tennessee, a lecturer in political science at the university. His career parallels the broadest study of municipal government with practical experience in modern urban affairs. Capable as his associates were—one of them, Charles E. Merriam, is chairman of the Department of Political Science

at the university and almost an unrivaled civic influence in the American Midwest—this Rotary document rests mainly upon the shoulders of Brownlow.

Most of the data were collected by Frederick L. Schuman, assistant professor of political science, and a staff of four assistants. Measured by the examination to which he subjected the President Emeritus, the first president of Chicago Rotary, Silvester Schiele, and George L. Treadwell, present secretary, and members of the Chicago Rotary Club, he did a signally complete job. The other members of the committee were:

Carl Huth, professor of history, dean of the University College, and a vice-president of Chicago Rotary this year; Donald Slesinger, professor of law and



dean of students; Frank Bane, director of the American Public Welfare Association; and Charles S. Ascher, secretary of the Public Administration Clearing House and executive director of the National Association of Housing Officials.

Social scientists in every Rotary city will give heed to a study of any modern social agency which is signed by these practical scholars. The work is theirs in good faith. While they bore themselves with the utmost courtesy toward Chairman Charles E. Herrick and his fellows of the Chicago Rotary Club, they kept their own counsel, came to their own conclusions, phrased them to their own satisfaction, and published them on their own responsibility. The Secretariat of Rotary International and the office of the Chicago club both coöperated and expressed opinions when invited; but neither sought to influence the findings; in fact, we must in justice record that the former staff was appropriately cautious not to assume

responsibility for the forthcoming book in any phase.

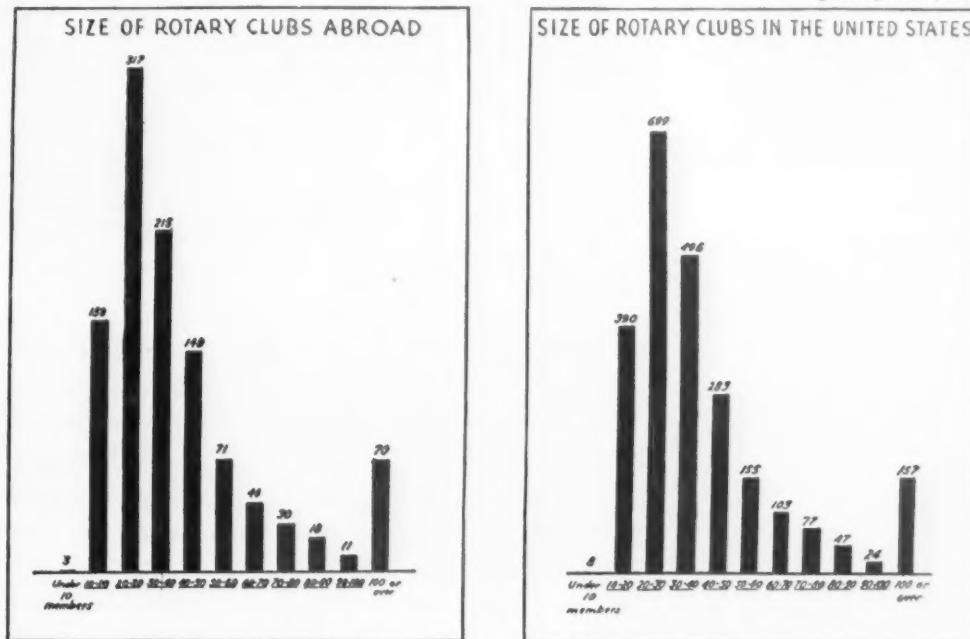
Naturally the investigators were under the temptation to turn their thought from the club with which Rotary originated to the Rotary which has subsequently reached to the far corners of the earth. They have kept to their purpose without losing their way. The Rotary Club of Chicago is treated as a unit in a world movement: to gauge the service of the unit the student is required to estimate the philosophy and objectives of the whole; the findings are upon the relations of a club to a city rather than upon the relations of an international body to a world.

One does not advance from page three to page four before his eyebrows begin to rise. We of 1934 know Rotary as it is in 1934—what was it in the beginning? Attend—

"The unique significance of Rotary, then, in 1905,

no less than today, lay in the circumstance that it was intended to be a social club of business and professional men in which business and friendship were fused in one common purpose of promoting fellowship and profits through intimate contacts between members. This aspect of the original incentive has subsequently been clouded over and obscured by other things—and contemporary Rotarians are reluctant to concede that the profit motive has a place in the movement. The somewhat shamefaced reticence which characterizes the present-day attitude

© Chicago Rotary Club.



A remarkable similarity is to be noted in the contours of these charts, based on a study of the sizes of Rotary clubs in the United States and the rest of the world.

toward profits almost leads the outsider to suspect that profits are regarded by Rotarians as being in some way dishonorable. This atmosphere has given rise to charges of hypocrisy and cant, levelled against the movement by hostile critics."

A DISCUSSION follows which unfortunately cannot be extensively quoted within the limits of this review. Business and friendship, in early Rotary, "far from being incompatible, were welded together for the greater good of both." The classification idea is the legitimate child of such a conception. More business is the great objective, at the first; and documentary historical evidence is reproduced that the reader may have the ground upon which this opinion is founded.

Is it well to call up such [Continued on page 61]



Marcel Pilet-Golaz



Dr. Felix Granados

Burton E. Nelson



Walter L. Johnstone

Harry W. Campbell



This Month

We Present

MARCEL PILET-GOLAZ, president of the Swiss Republic, because his keen personal interest in the Rotary movement was recognized at the time of the Lausanne Rotary conference by his election to honorary membership in the Rotary Club of Lausanne.

FELIX GRANADOS, distinguished notary public of Havana, Cuba, where he is an active member of the Rotary club, which he has served as president and secretary; because he has carried the principles of Rotary into the high office with which he was honored when the Mendieta government was organized—that of secretary of the Departments of Interior and of War.

BURTON E. NELSON, because he occupies a unique position in the field of education as president (for ten years) of Stout Institute, Menomonie, Wisconsin, the only college in the United States dedicated exclusively to training teachers of industrial and home economics; because he organized twenty-one Rotary clubs; because he is a past district governor and former committeeman of Rotary International.

WALTER L. JOHNSTONE, first president of the Shanghai Rotary Club, who was commissioned by Rotary International to assist in organizing the Tokyo (Japan) Rotary Club; he was recently given an expression of appreciation from Tokyo Rotarians, in recognition of "the great work he did for our country." He now lives in San Francisco, California, and is an official of the Dollar Steamship Lines.

HARRY W. CAMPBELL, though one of the youngest members of the White Sulphur Springs (West Virginia) Rotary Club, is a pioneer in the field of hotel organ recital work, and is endeavoring to make permanent this somewhat new phase of hotel entertainment with the purpose of making employment for many able organists thrown out of work by talking pictures.

BARON TURCOVIC-KUTJEVSKI, first president of the Rotary Club of Sušak, Yugoslavia, for sixty years an enthusiastic leader in the lumber business and the scientific management of forests. Though decorated by governments, he is, perhaps, most proud of a boyhood achievement—a 45-day trip from London to America, in 1876, in a three-masted schooner.



Dave Sholtz



Achille Bossi



Baron Turcovic-Kutjevski

DAVE SHOLTZ, because he is the chief executive of the State of Florida, in which position his aggressive policies for making Florida attractive to home-owners has become widely known. A Yale graduate, he has lived for a good many years in Florida and is an honorary member of the Daytona Beach Rotary Club.

ACHILLE BOSSI, attorney, one of the first three members of the Milan (Italy) Rotary Club; because of faithful service to Rotary, first as secretary of his club, later as honorary secretary of the Forty-sixth District, and for three years as an alternate member of the European Advisory Committee of Rotary International.

SHELDON S. HENRY, magician, because he has recently been honored with the vice-presidency of the International Brotherhood of Magicians. Now on a two-year tour of the world, filling theater engagements in many lands, he is also giving charity performances in many cities for the benefit of poor and crippled children. "S.S." holds active membership in the Wilmington (Ohio) Rotary Club.

FRRED COULSON, a potent force in the business and community life of Abilene, Kansas, where he organized the Rotary club, became its first president, has served for several years as chairman of the City Planning Commission, is an official of several leading business and utility concerns. He is a past governor of the Eighth District and is now chairman of Rotary's Vocational Service Committee.

HIS HIGHNESS, THE SULTAN OF SELANGOR who has reigned over this state of the Malay Federation for fifty years; because he is an honorary member of Klang and Coast Rotary Club, and takes an active interest in the development of Rotary in his country.

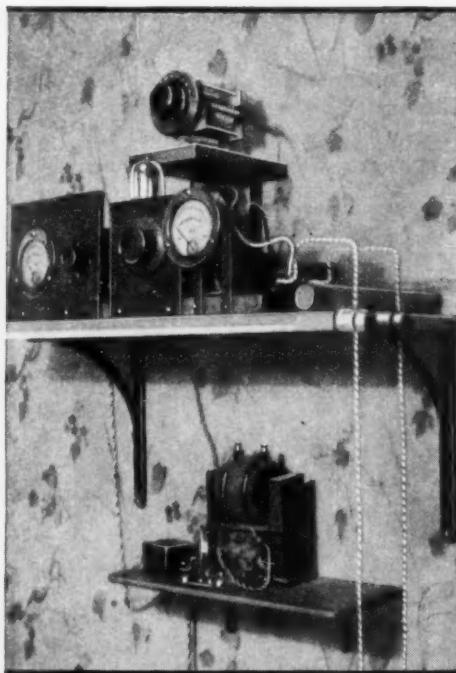


Sheldon S. Henry



Fred Coulson

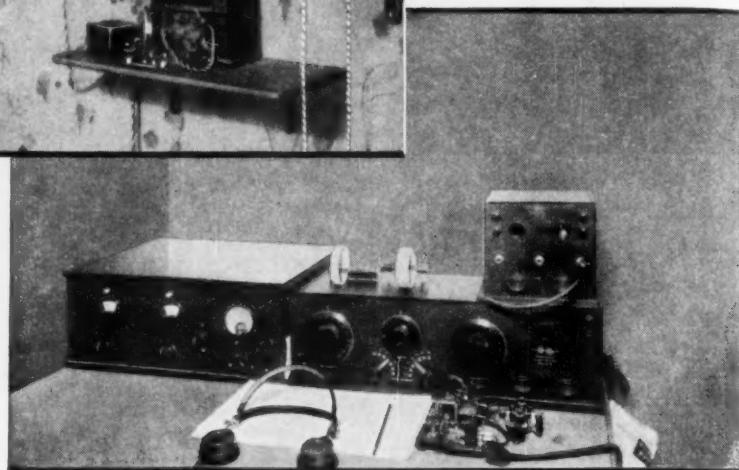
The Sultan
of Selangor



The Halings (left), father and son, tinker with a piece of their short-wave equipment with which they communicate with friends around the globe.

Not more complicated looking than the inside of a parlor radio is their transmitter (left). Its fifty-watt power is ample, they find, for reaching other short-wave stations "anywhere."

The Halings often chat with the enthusiast who operates this set (below). He lives in far-away Sydney, Australia.



For a Thrill— Call 'CQ'

By E. J. Haling

BY MEANS of our short-wave station, W5HY, my father, E. F. Haling, a member of the Fort Worth (Texas) Rotary Club, and I have broadcast messages of brotherhood to every continent. We have been experimenting with radio transmission for more than fourteen years. It is our hobby.

In the hectic days of radio beginnings, we were, however, little concerned with sending messages to other continents. Radio supplies were not sold at the corner drug store and a great amount of the amateur's time was spent in manufacturing his own parts. If you have ever tried to straighten a bent condenser plate in the radio, then you have some idea of the numerous wrinkles involved in making such an instrument. Antiquated electrical devices were begged or borrowed from power and telephone companies. Telephones, we discovered, made excellent radio mikes.

Prior to the introduction of radio telephony in 1920, we wound layers of wire on oat-meal cartons in fantastic pig-tail fashion. Dubious neighbors occasionally looked in on the proceedings and closed their ears when the two "pioneering scientists" burnt their fingers with a soldering

iron. But later, when the receiver was completed and the sounds of dots and dashes came from the ear phones, admirers flocked in to witness the wonders of "the Halings' wireless box."

Our interest in sending radiograms was stimulated in 1922 when we joined the American Radio Relay League. Its membership now includes some 35,000 amateurs, living in every corner of the globe, each pledged to relay and deliver radiograms for the public with no other remuneration than knowing that the message "went over." Our station, ten years ago, looked more like barb-wire entanglements than a wireless, but we were encouraged to find other enthusiasts—in Australia, Brazil, Chile, and England—working with just as meager equipment.

IRECALL vividly our first contact with a brother "ham" in a foreign clime, New Zealand. Our outfit was powered with a five watt audion and made to oscillate with 300 volts of unsteady current. Actually, there is more power potential in the average parlor radio today than was contained in that diminutive power plant. We had just sent the CQ call, meaning that we wished to chat with someone.

Switching on our home-made receiver, we broke all records for breath holding when the New Zealander called for W5HY—our own station. For five years we had built various types of apparatus and dreamed of the time when we would do DX, as it is called. Here we were actually talking with someone more than 10,000 miles distant.

He told us, I remember, that jails were scarce in New Zealand, that he had just returned from viewing a Charlie Chaplin movie. The sun was just peeping over neighboring homes when we bade our new friend "cheerio." As he returned the greeting he informed us that his time was 10:30 o'clock Sunday night. Our time was 6:30 o'clock Saturday morning!

The thrills encountered in scanning the ether waves are not always associated with DX contacts. In August 1927, Captain Bill Erwin, Dallas (Texas) flier planning a Hong Kong flight, bade farewell to land and started out over the Pacific in search of two missing Dole fliers. While flying at a low altitude, the plane's navigator instruments went bad, cabin lights darkened, and the ship went into a spin. [Continued on page 58]

Unpaid Taxes Build a City Hall

By Blanche Wood

MY HOME town Brawley, in the heart of California's Imperial Valley, has solved a tough problem. And we are proud of the way it was done. And the result.

Away back in 1929 our city hall burned to the ground. It wasn't rebuilt immediately, because no funds were available. By the time the question of a bond issue came up, the well-known depression had come into the picture, and Brawley's 10,000 citizens, speaking through the voters, said, "No!" Twice.

Meanwhile, speakers and editorial writers exhorted in vain. They called attention to the inconvenience and inefficiency of housing the city's council, the clerk, engineer, and library in cramped quarters rented in store buildings. But to no avail. Brawley's hard-pressed taxpayers simply would not add to their burden—at least until better times came. And that, apparently, was that.

Then Mayor Rance Baker got what might be called an inspiration. He proposed that a \$40,000 city hall be built of sun-dried adobe brick. Labor would be furnished by those who owed some \$36,000 in taxes and water bills. The insurance fund could be counted on for \$4,148.41 in cash.

These Brawley citizens are inspecting adobe mortar. Mayor Baker wields the trowel. Ralph Stilgenbaur, former Rotary club president, is at the extreme left; Rotarian Richmond, who contributed the city hall's lighting fixtures, is at his side.

A \$40,000 municipal center at Brawley again proves where there's a will there is a way.

It may have seemed to be a feasible idea, but some Brawley citizens opposed it. Even with free labor, they pointed out, \$4,148.41 would not be enough cash. But the mayor persevered, and with the help of George B. Krueger, Rotarian and secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, and other public-spirited citizens, he has succeeded.

When the work began, men begged for the jobs. This opportunity meant a new grip on life to those who had owed taxes to the city anywhere from one to twelve years, and who were haunted by the fear of losing their property. The unemployed man who had been unable to pay his water bill for several months and expected to have the water cut off any day, greeted the news as a godsend blessing.

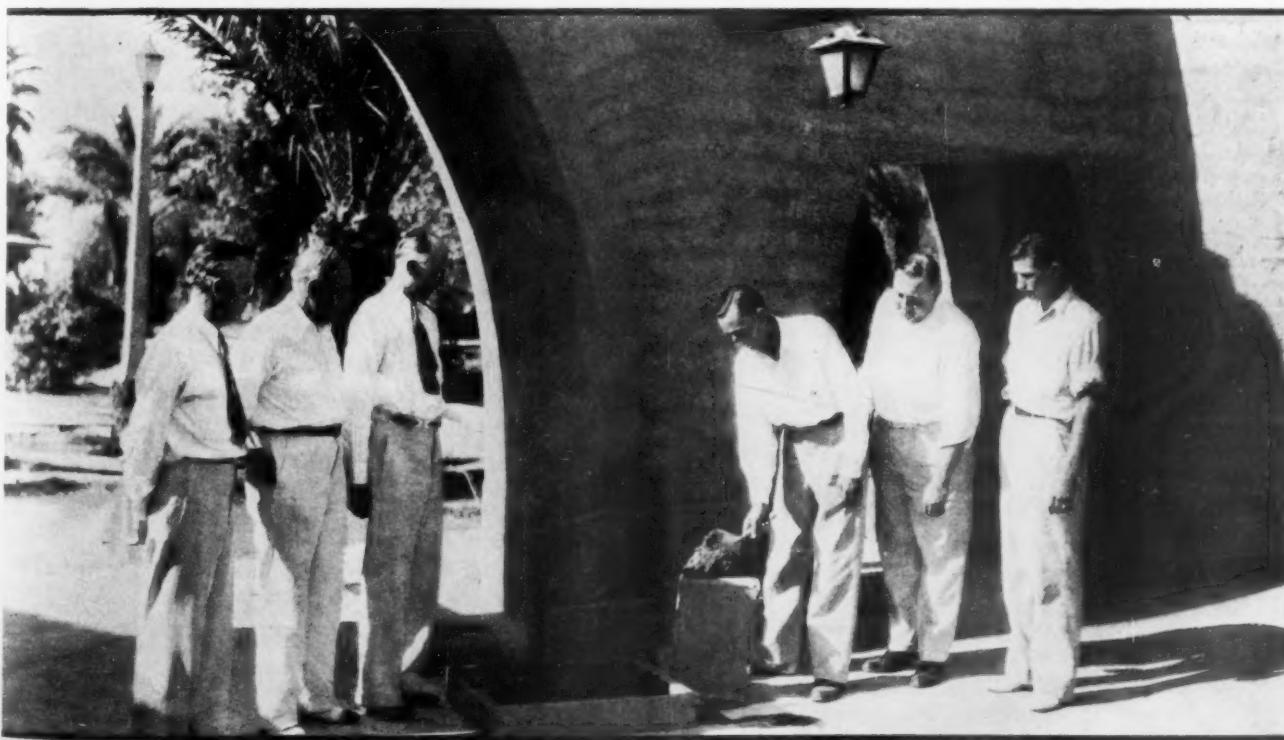
Five hundred men, in all, worked on the building during construction. As many as one hundred and fifty were employed in one day. At that, there were more men than could be used; twenty to thirty men had to be turned away daily. The wage rate was two dollars a day for brickmaking, four dollars for skilled labor.

For two and one-half months, from

eighty to ninety men did nothing but make bricks of dry straw, adobe soil, and water. The bricks, it is interesting to note, are five inches thick, twelve inches wide, and eighteen inches long (see picture) and 52,000 were used.

The Mexicans proved to be the most skilled adobe brick masons. Brawley is twenty-four miles from the Mexican line, and consequently has a large Mexican population. They took great pains with their work, insisting that each detail be done as perfectly as possible. Many of them had worked on large adobe buildings in Mexico City and elsewhere.

There is a human story back of every piece of building material that has gone into the structure, from the bricks, made by patient men, to the doors and electric light fixtures. The doors were bought for an insignificant price from the old Hotel Virginia at Long Beach, California, which was being dismantled at the time the city hall was being built. Beautiful Spanish Renaissance wrought-iron electric fixtures were saved from the wreckage of the Hotel Arlington, demolished by the Santa Barbara earthquake, and given to the city of Brawley by Rotarian A. L. Richmond, former [Continued on page 56]



The ROTARIAN

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ROTARY INTERNATIONAL

211 West Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A.

THE Objects of Rotary are to encourage and foster:

- (1) The ideal of Service as the basis of all worthy enterprise.
- (2) High ethical standards in business and professions.
- (3) The application of the ideal of Service by every Rotarian to his personal, business, and community life.
- (4) The development of acquaintance as an opportunity for Service.
- (5) The recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations and the dignifying by each Rotarian of his occupation as an opportunity to serve society.
- (6) The advancement of understanding, goodwill, and international peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of Service.

Editorial Comment

The Highway Peril

If a city of 30,000 souls—say Suez, Egypt, or Asheville, North Carolina—were swept by a strange new pestilence that left not one person living, mankind would be shocked. Brain cells in countless heads would be agitated and scientists would pool their wisdom to stop the scourge already eating its way into another city of like size.

And yet—and yet last year in the United States, alone, 30,000 persons were killed in motor accidents. Add to that the 850,000 more persons who were injured and still you do not have the total toll of suffering and heartache. The ghastly part of it all is that it will be increased in the year 1934.

Certainly, here is a Community Service problem that Rotarians, who have seen crippled children struggle for what is left of a fair chance to live normal lives, are emotionally prepared to help solve.

Informing the public is the first step, as Ab Jenkins makes clear in his article, "Drive so as to Arrive." Newspapers with their headlines shrieking about "crashes" and "death tolls mounting" are doing a needed work, but it must be followed up. All drivers must learn what conditions are conducive to safe driving, as well as those that lead to disaster.

It is heartening that eighty-five per cent of those who drive motor cars have a good accident rating. The remaining fifteen per cent are the accident addicts. But everyone who grips a steering-wheel should know the practices which breed trouble. A large insurance company, after a wide study of causes of last year's accidents, has summarized them as follows:

1. Drove too fast for conditions—this accounted for approximately three-fourths of all mishaps in 1933 assigned to driving blunders.
2. Failed to slow down at intersections.
3. Failed to keep to the right.
4. Tried to pass another car going in the same direction when view was obstructed.
5. Failed to slow down on approaching pedestrians.

6. Passed on the right of a preceding vehicle.
7. Ignored important traffic control devices.
8. Parked at dangerous spots.

Each of these items carries a moral for every locality, a moral that can be driven home in various ways—by a survey, a safety campaign, a Rotary club program. Rotarians in key positions, encouraged by fellow members, can translate the lessons into terms of by-passes, less-dangerous corners, street-lighting, paved streets, and the administration of open-eyed justice to the reckless driver.

The item of better street lighting, for example, is fraught with tremendous possibilities. Dusk, as Mr. Jenkins notes, is the danger zero hour. He is supported by statistics from Detroit which show that when street lighting was reduced, fatal accidents increased. When lighting was restored, there was so marked a lessening of crashes as to leave no doubt as to the cause. Lighting pays.

But some accidents *will* happen, and from Winchester, Virginia, comes a suggestion as to how Rotarians can help in reducing consequent suffering and fatalities. This club has the distinction of sponsoring the first Red Cross Highway First Aid Station in the United States, many of which, it is contemplated, soon will be set up. The minimum equipment of each unit is modest. It includes a first-aid kit, three first-aid signs costing \$20, a telephone, and an automobile. The Winchester Rotary Club's station is maintained at a roadside inn.

We live in a motorized age; from that there is no appeal. We are going to have automobiles; that fact is basic. But individually and collectively we have got to make streets and highways safe, not only for the man at the wheel, but for the pedestrian. Human life is too valuable a thing to sacrifice wantonly to the antics of the ignorant or the "cheese-brained" individual of whom Mr. Jenkins talks.

Those 30,000 men, women, and children must not be forgotten.

Time to Take Stock?

FEW Rotary clubs will be able to carry through so ambitious a project as the survey of the Chicago Rotary Club, of which Past President Albert reports elsewhere in this issue, but *every* club will benefit from an occasional stock-taking.

A questionnaire that will reveal significant facts, is easily made up. At Knoxville, Tennessee, for example, members were requested to fill out a form printed on the last page of the club's weekly bulletin. Questions were asked about the civic, social, Rotary committee, and other activities of the members. The returns, notes a subsequent issue of *Rotary Forward*, "brought many interesting facts to light." Not the least of them was the admission of one Rotarian, under the heading of "civic service," that "I raise h— about our high tax rates."

The survey idea is especially to be commended to new officers. Executed in a friendly but sincere fashion, it should bring in a high percentage of responses which will be useful in planning the year's activities.

An Old Rotary Custom

WITH another Rotary year under way, it may not be amiss to remind new club officers that it is an old Rotary custom to care for the travelling and hotel expenses of an invited speaker. The fact that he is a Rotarian and therefore loath to mention the matter is but an added reason for the inviting club to make sure that he is not embarrassed by the matter being overlooked.

Often the speaker will decline the money, but the fact that it is offered in no way disposes him to be offended. That evidence of courtesy and a hearty assurance that his effort, irrespective of the merit of the speech, is appreciated will go far towards creating in the visitor a kindly feeling and a warm regard for the club and for Rotary generally.

On Grousing

IT MAY not be in your dictionary, but a word sufficiently sanctioned by usage to have a place there is grousing. Everyone knows the grouser. He is the chap who always is ready to grumble, whose outlook on things both in general and particular has the morning-after taste. Nothing ever is quite right. Everything is always somewhat wrong. Speak pleasantly even about the weather and you release the hair-trigger of his resistance to a derogatory rejoinder.

The tribe of grousers is legion. In this age of organization, it would appear that someone long ago would have organized the grousers. The Ancient Order of Confirmed Grouasers, the A.O.C.G., would make an impressive name. But perhaps the reason why the grumbler haven't yielded to the flocking instinct is that, after all, they haven't so very much to organize for. Probably not much more than the forgotten collegian who immortalized Dr. Fell had against that worthy soul. You remember the lines:

*I do not like you, Dr. Fell;
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this I know and know full well,
I do not like you, Dr. Fell.*

Encourage the Teacher

SOME very good commonsense has been put to work by Rotarians, of Chester, Pennsylvania, in coping with the crime problem of their community. First of all, after it had become evident that to reform the boy after he had gone through the juvenile court was like "trying to mop up the water instead of stopping it at the spigot," they organized a Boys' Club in the city's slums. Juvenile crime in the section almost immediately dropped a hundred per cent.

Not satisfied, Chester Rotarians studied the problem further. Their investigation disclosed that in adolescence there is a stage of a boy's development in which, with home-ties weakening, he is peculiarly susceptible to untoward influences. Chester Rotarians decided the way to tackle this problem was not through the boy but through the teacher in the school where he spent many hours each day.

An annual "distinguished service award" of fifty dollars, presented to the teacher who has exerted the most helpful influence on her pupils, has resulted. The teacher most recently to win the award was cited for her tact and skill in handling Chester youth, instilling in them not only ideas but ideals.

It still remains true, as Cardinal Henry Newman said many years ago, "Many an excellent man is tempted to forget that the best offering he can make his children is himself." But it is equally true that, with the child spending the best part of his or her waking hours in the classroom, far-seeing parents will not overlook the importance of keeping the teacher inspirited by some form of recognition for her good work. Let it not be forgotten that her own morale in these days often is subjected not only to the usual worries of leading youth down the thorny path of learning, but the cross-strain of added responsibilities and scaled-down salaries.

Chester Rotarians have set a good example.

Our Readers' Open Forum

Letters are invited from readers offering comments upon articles, setting forth new viewpoints on Rotary problems. They should be as brief as possible.

Disagrees

To the Editors:

Regarding the subject "Jobs for Men or Machines?", I beg to state, as a manufacturer of machinery, in relation to these articles as published in the March and April issues of THE ROTARIAN, that they are botch.

Compare the employment today through the invention of engines about 125 years ago, resulting in the development of railroads and power ships, with former employment by stage coach and sail ships methods of transportation.

Employment in motor and other electric inventions, compared with the oil lamp and gas periods.

Employment through electric tramways, automobiles, and oiling station inventions, compared with the former horse carriage and stable periods of only a generation ago.

Employment through many other inventions, aeroplanes, airships, generators, etc., etc.; also machinery increasing production at lesser cost and therefore greater sales and comfort to the people of today compared with what they had a century ago. Whereas then probably 70 per cent of the people depended upon farming, now probably less than 40 per cent are thus engaged, which indicates that machinery and inventions are the principal sources of advantage and gain for the greater population.

Whereas a reduction in hours of employment is a requisite and good feature during depression, I do think that when prosperity returns, and due to a great extent to machinery and inventions, a 5½-day week of 44 hours, and overtime if requisite, will be more favorable to the happiness of the individual or family, than waste of time and funds during idleness.

ALBERT W. ADT
Member, Rotary Club

Baltimore, Md.

"An Excellent Idea"

To the Editors:

This is from a mere woman, but a Rotary-Ann who loves to read the Rotary Magazine. It is a constant source of pleasure and I always look forward to its coming each month. If more of our women of Rotary would read of what it is doing here and in far-away lands, they would have a better appreciation of Rotary.

Just a word about Dr. Fong Foo Sec, who recently visited Australia, and whose photograph appears in the June ROTARIAN. Dr. Fong represented R.I. at the Conference in the 56th district at Roanoke, Va., and he made such a splendid impression that I think everybody fell in love with him, certainly those who came in contact with him. It was my pleasure to sit next to him at the Conference banquet and to talk with him on other occasions, and he was as delightful in his conversation as he was in his formal addresses to the conference. It seemed to me that it was an excellent idea to have a director from another land at the conferences from time to time. Certainly it was successful with us, speaking not officially, of course, but just as a Rotary-Ann, who loves all things Rotary, including the Rotarians!

FRANCES O. BROWN
(Mrs. "Brownie" Brown)

Staunton, Va.

Meade vs. Cogville

To the Editors:

The program committee of the Omaha Rotary Club has long wanted to try out a program based upon one of the ROTARIAN articles but not until this last month did the opportunity present itself for such a program,—and I may say at the outset of this letter, it was one of the most interesting programs presented this year.

For the June 20th program our committee selected two members to uphold the affirmative and negative sides of the question discussed in the article appearing in the June ROTARIAN—"Meade vs. Cogville." Donald J. Burke upheld the affirmative of the question, maintaining that it would be for the good of Rotary to take into the organization young men representing classifications being held by older members—asking longtime members to step aside, after a fashion, and accept something of a senior membership, although still actively identified with their business concerns. Arch Stafford took the negative side of the question, holding that it would not only be contrary to the basic principle of Rotary to countenance such a practice but would lower the high character of the membership and would be responsible for a decrease in the active interest of those members who had done much toward building up the club, from the time of organization to the present.

The ballroom was set up as a courtroom, with jury and judge,—and the verdict of the jury (and of the membership-at-large) was that such a change in the classification principles of Rotary would be fatal to the organization, contributing nothing constructive and robbing it of that fundamental characteristic which has, in large measure, been responsible for the remarkable growth and splendid accomplishments of Rotary.

Members were allowed to take part in the discussion, which became very animated before the close of the meeting, and it was with some difficulty that Judge Moorhead kept order in the court and adjourned the meeting at somewhere near the usual time.

THELMA G. PETTIT
Executive Secretary, Rotary Club
Omaha, Nebr.

On 'Pression's Trail'

To the Editors:

In "Our Readers' Open Forum" my eye was caught by an item from Will Mullen in which you published the words of a parody he had written for use by the Red Oak, Iowa, Rotary Club. It called to mind a suggestion that I have planned to make to the editors of THE ROTARIAN . . .

I am offering herewith a sample of several parodies recently used in our desire to boost recovery.

"PRESSION'S BOUND TO GO"

(Tune: "Give My Regards to Broadway")
"Pression's the 'Guy' we're after,
We've got him on the jump you bet!
Let's give this guy a chase what is a chase—
A rout he'll ne'er forget!
With NRA to back us
Swift victory's assured we know—
Knowing we're right, join in the fight,
And 'Pression is bound to go!"

WM. A. DUNCAN,

Russellville, Ky.

Surgery.

Dillinger an Example

To the Editors:

"Should Citizens be Permitted to Carry Firearms?" by J. Lovell Johnson and Senator Royal S. Copeland . . .

To be frank, I have not given as much thought to this question as I should, of late; but I am always reminded of a conversation I held with a veteran police official several years ago. It was his contention, and I am wholly in agreement with him, that no restrictions, no matter how stringent, or adequately enforced, could successfully prevent our criminal gentry from obtaining firearms when they needed them.

A thief is a thief, he further amplified, and were he unable to pervert any source of distribution to his own advantage, assuming such a miracle possible, he would break into some factory, smuggle them in from abroad, or might even fashion some crude weapons of his own for a start. What difference does it make which law he breaks?

Personally, I believe in the strictest control of firearms manufacture and distribution; but our present tendencies seem to work a hardship on the law abiding citizen, with no appreciable abatement of the use of firearms on the part of criminals; and I am not fanatic about control to that extent. Dillinger is just an outstanding example of the point I am trying to emphasize.

HENRY L. FREEMAN
Editor, "State Police Magazine"
New York City.

Occasion Unique

To the Editors:

Newfoundland is making an experiment in government. Last year the Legislature voluntarily gave up its privileges in favor of a government by a commission appointed by His Majesty the King. It consists of six members, three from England, and three from Newfoundland, presided over by His Excellency the Governor as chairman. Many persons in other lands are watching the result of this experiment in government.

Lacking the Legislature, where the budget speech would ordinarily be given, Hon. E. N. R. Trentham, Commissioner for Finance, chose the Rotary luncheon as the medium through which to deliver it. Besides the seventy members of the club, who were representative men in the broadest sense of the term, we had guests representing every phase of governmental, commercial, religious, and social life of the city. The address was broadcast, making it audible to practically the whole population of Newfoundland, as well as many places in the neighboring Dominion and in the United States.

It was an occasion unique in the history of the British Empire, as well as unique in the history of Rotary. I thought it would be interesting to Rotary members throughout the world, and this is the reason for my dropping you this short note. It of course emphasizes also the high standing which the Rotary club holds in this community. A short time ago we had the privilege of listening to an address by His Excellency the Governor at one of our club luncheons.

ARTHUR MEWS.

Department of Home Affairs,
St. John's, Newfoundland.

[Additional Letters on page 2]

The Rotary Hourglass

Miscellaneous news notes on men and affairs of interest to the Rotary family.

ABOUT "Bob." From the *Trenton Republican-Times*, a Missouri newspaper published not far from Columbia, where resides R. L. Hill, Rotary International's new president, we scissor the following. It appears in Howard C. "Browsert" Ballew's column, *Browsings While at the Linotype*.

"Nineteen hundred thirty-four was only a few days old when we made the prediction in the *Republican-Times* that Robert L. 'Bob' Hill, of Columbia, would be the next president of Rotary International. At the twenty-fifth annual convention of Rotarians in Detroit a few days ago, that prediction came true when he was unanimously chosen to head the organization which represents some 3,700 service clubs scattered around the world."

"Bob is a 'Son of Old Mizzou,' graduating from the University of Missouri with a B.S. degree in agriculture in 1912, and an M.S. in 1913. For many years he has been director of alumni activities at the university and editor of the *Missouri Alumnus*, during which time he has done much to enlarge the enrollment and makes Missouri University one of the nation's outstanding educational institutions. Few students ever attended the university without making the acquaintance of Bob Hill."

"It has been twelve years since he first wore the cogged-wheel emblem of Rotary, and it is doubtful if any man were ever chosen to a position for which he was better fitted. Bob Hill has a vast faculty for remembering faces, names, and incidents, and is possessed of a wonderful sense of humor combined with a human quality that has won him the love and respect of his fellowman."

"He is a man of unusual erudition and rare ability, with a capacity for clear and vivid expression, as well as being a witty conversationalist. As a journalist, he is a credit to the craft. As a connoisseur of human nature, he has no superiors."

"Bob Hill is at ease among the stuffed shirts of plutocracy or the proletariat—it makes no difference. His personality puts him across—he is a 'good mixer.'

"Truly his friends are numbered by his acquaintances, and he merits them all."

"We are confident Bob Hill will write a brilliant chapter in Rotary history."

Heads Meet. Two Walter Heads are better than one, anytime. Although for twenty years Walter D. Head, of Montclair, N. J., schoolmaster, third vice president of Rotary International, and Walter W. Head, life insurance executive, St. Louis, Mo., president of the Boy Scouts of America, have heard of each other, they had not met until they were introduced backstage at

the Detroit convention. They had an interesting time, comparing notes on how they had been complimented for speeches attributed to the wrong Walter. Walter W. Head was in Detroit to present the silver buffalo award to Paul Harris, founder of Rotary, in recognition of his and Rotary's service to boys.

Soda . . . Toffey. Two English visitors at the Detroit Convention, John H. Riley of Halifax, and Herbert Bellamy, of Castleford—made it a point to look up Fred Sanders, of the Detroit club. The latter's grandfather originated the ice cream soda. Rotarian Riley, himself, is the "Riley" of the well-known Riley toffey; Rotarian Bellamy also manufactures candy.

First. The first Rotarian to register at the 1934 convention, let it be here recorded, was Andrew S. Allan, of Fernandina, Fla.

New Clubs. Greetings to these newly-elected clubs of Rotary International: West Wickham, Kent, England; Eltham, London, England; Viseu, Portugal; Porsgrunn, Norway.

Names. No part of the world holds a monopoly on easily misunderstood names. Cecil Rae, honorary commissioner of Rotary International, for the Malay Peninsula and Siam, still gets an occasional chuckle from an incident that happened during the Detroit convention. "A woman from our part of the world," he relates, "heard the word 'Alabama.' She mistook it for the name for some kind of ointment."

Board Meets. President R. L. Hill met with his new Board of Directors at their first regular session the week of July 9. Numerous matters relating to policy and projects were discussed. Personnel of the new committees will be announced later.

Successful Institute. All reports from Nashville, Tenn., are unanimous in "giving a hand" to the Institute of International Relations July 1 to 11. Sponsored by Nashville Rotarians, it had the active cooperation and support of several colleges and universities as well as Rotary clubs. Several speakers from the Detroit convention of Rotary International were on the program.

E.A.C. to Meet. The first meeting of the new Rotary year for the European Advisory Committee will be held at Baden-Baden, Germany, September 14-16.

New District. Rotary clubs in the Netherlands East Indies now constitute a new district, No. 79. The governor is P. H. W. Sitsen (general contracting), Kroonprinslaan, Djokjakarta, Java.

Typical Increases. Clubs are growing, these, for instance: Marysville, Kans., 17 to 23 members; Honesdale, Pa., 27 to 40; Haileybury, Ont., Can., 14 to 20; Jefferson, Tex., 13 to 18; Savannah, Ga., 99 to 141.

Enjoyment Insurance. Rotarians at Lansing, Mich., have an "enjoyment insurance" fund. It is added to each week to pay the travelling expenses of a delegate to the Mexico City convention next summer.

"Billy" . . . "Eddie." Professor William Lyon "Billy" Phelps, of Yale University, and poet Edgar A. "Eddie" Guest, both Rotarians, are spending their summer vacations at, in, and near Grindstone City, Mich. Professor Phelps recently received the honorary degree, Doctor of Laws, at the Yale Commencement, at which he had the privilege of presenting President Roosevelt to President James Rowland Angell, of the



Uraekichi Yoneyama is "the man who took Rotary to Japan." To Rotarian J. R. Geary, of Tokyo, now visiting in the United States, recently fell the pleasant honor of presenting a bronze bust of Yoneyama to Paul Harris, founder of Rotary. The figure is made from a photographic process invented in Japan.



Bud Jackson (right), of Madison, Wis., a past director of Rotary, is here pictured on the receiving end of Blarney from ould Ireland, itself. The dispenser is Sir Thomas W. Robinson, of Dublin, chairman of District Council No. 16, R. I. B. I. The scene is the lobby of a hotel at the Detroit convention.

university, for the same degree. Sundays throughout the summer, Professor Phelps has preached at a little church, built and largely maintained by Mrs. Phelps, at the hamlet called Hiron City. People come more than a hundred miles to hear Professor Phelps and, sometimes, Rotarian Guest speak. On Saturday nights, Mrs. Phelps gives free motion picture entertainments in the little church for the neighborhood.

Craft Fellowship. To welcome visiting newspapermen at the convention, Rotarians of that classification in Michigan and Ontario formed a Hospitality Committee, chairmanned by Emmett Richards, of the *Alpena News*. It headquartered in the Rotarian booth—and when the booth attendants got submerged with visitors requesting information or literature, the newspapermen stepped into the picture and helped out. Maybe this isn't the place for THE ROTARIAN staff to say its thank you, but—well, here it is, anyway. Thanks!

King Leopold. H. M. King Leopold III, of Belgium, whose father, Albert, was actively interested in the Rotary movement, has accepted the honorary governorship of the Sixty-first District. A picture of King Leopold and Queen Astrid appeared in the frontispiece page of the June ROTARIAN.

Archives Data. The delegation from Christchurch, New Zealand, won the attendance contest at the Detroit convention. Melbourne, Australia, a previous first winner, placed second; and San Bernardino, Calif., third.

Rotarians H. E. Storz and Mortie Dutra, of Royal Oak, Mich., took the Hunter Golf Trophy with a joint score of 159. Rotarians Lou Hascall and Bud Sumner, of Birmingham, Mich., captured the Clarksburg Trophy, with a joint net score of 145.

Beat This? A letter from James G. Card, of Cleveland, Ohio, immediate past district governor, has this to say:

"First: Who is the 'youngest' 'oldest' Rotarian?

I am forty-eight years old and have been a member of the Rotary Club of Cleveland continuously for twenty-one years.

"Second: On page 31 of the June ROTARIAN you ask 'Beat this?' and print the fact that Jamie Bone attended eight meetings in five consecutive days. I suppose a district governor is barred from even making a remark about any such occurrence, but for the information of Secretary Bone, tell him that I attended nine meetings in five consecutive days and was the speaker at each meeting and held eleven club assemblies as two of the meetings were inter-city meetings."

Here is his itinerary for that week.

Sept. 18, 1933—Monday Noon, New London, Ohio; Monday Evening, Galion, Ohio.
Sept. 19, 1933—Tuesday Noon, Ashland, Ohio; Tuesday Evening, Millersburg, including Loudonville and Sugarcreek, Ohio.
Sept. 20, 1933—Wednesday Noon, Wooster Ohio; Wednesday Evening, Louisville, Ohio.
Sept. 21, 1933—Thursday Evening, Carrollton, Ohio.
Sept. 22, 1933—Friday Noon, Canton, Ohio; Friday Evening, Minerva, including Waynesburg, Ohio.



Ely M. Kinney: Is he Rotary's only "Caterpillar Club" member?

"Your Magazine, Your Club." A four-page circular with that title has been issued by THE ROTARIAN in response to a suggestion from a Rotary club secretary who desired concrete information on what sort of news notes, photographs, etc., could be used in this publication. Copies are available upon request.

Rotary's Only? Ely M. Kinney, engineer in the aeronautical-marine department of the General Electric Company and immediate past president of the Rotary Club of Schenectady, N. Y., recently had to "bail out" while cruising at an altitude of 5,000 feet. Is he the only member of the "Caterpillar Club" in Rotary?

Honored. The Order of St. Gregory the Great has been bestowed by Pope Pius XI on James Nugent, president of the Rotary club of Jersey City, N. J., and superintendent of the public schools.

Oldest Rotarian. Honors for being the oldest Rotarian in the world go to Alexander Calder, age 93, of Winnipeg, Canada. He has "a genial smile," a writer in the *London (Ont.) Advertiser* comments, "even if he now suffers with rheumatism." Rotarian Calder for many years was active in street railway circles, and has observed the transition from horse-drawn cars to—the autobus.

Record? Neither Wichita, Kans., or Minneapolis, Minn., Rotary club's sergeant-at-arms holds the age record, rises up to remark Secretary H. M. Crippen, Jr., of the Rotary Club of Hudson Falls, N. Y. Capt. Hiram Hyde, who is sergeant-at-arms of the Hudson Falls club is eighty-eight years old. He was born in Nova Scotia, March 18, 1846. At the age of fifteen he enlisted in the Civil War, being discharged in 1866. He was in Richmond, Va., when Lincoln visited it after the war. "It is a thrill never to be forgotten," writes Secretary Crippen, "to hear this splendid old gentleman and soldier lead the Rotary club in flag salute."

Hopeless. "I was out for a record of attendance until I saw this clipping in the *San Francisco Chronicle*," writes L. M. Morris, president of the Modesto (Calif.) Rotary Club. "Now I resign. I can't beat this record!" Here's the clipping:

OFFICIAL'S RECORD PERFECT

GREENVILLE, N. C.—J. C. Gaskins, register of deeds of Pitt county, has a perfect record of attendance at meetings of the Greenville Rotary Club. He has been a member since January 14, 1919, and never has missed a meeting.

Try It. Rotarian O. Herschel Folger, pastor of the Friends Church, Wilmington, Ohio, offers the following Rotary parody on "Anchors Aweigh."

Come, men of Rotary,
Let's turn that wheel!
Service above myself—
He profits most who serves the best (Say)

Come, men of Rotary,
Let's make it real!
Our wheel and other wheels
Will make the world go 'round and 'round today.

Charter Members. Of the seventeen charter members of the Mt. Carmel, Ill., Rotary club, one is dead, and six have left the city. The ten remaining are still in the club and half of them have served as presidents.

—THE MAN WITH THE SCRATCHPAD.

Rotary Around the World

These brief news notes—gleaned from letters and bulletins—mirror the varied activities of the Rotary movement. Contributions are always welcome.

Australia

Dance Swells Relief Fund

MELBOURNE—Adding to the general relief work which the Melbourne Rotary Club has been carrying on, another hundred underprivileged children are assured proper care this year, as the result of a Rotary ball which swelled the club's relief fund by almost £600.



Dr. Fong Foo Sec, immediate past director of Rotary International and former president of the Shanghai (China) Rotary Club, plants a Tree of Friendship at Bathurst, Australia. Onlookers(left to right): Past President E. C. Murray, of the local Rotary Club; G. Fred Birks, past vice-president, Rotary International; Rotarian Dr. H. Crotty, bishop of Bathurst; Past Governor B. R. Gelling (seventy-sixth district); and Rotarian M. J. Griffin, mayor of Bathurst.

New Zealand

Rotary Forum

AUCKLAND—Especially beneficial to new Rotarians, but enjoyable for "older" Rotarians as well, was a Rotary forum recently held in the home of an Auckland Rotarian.

Finland

1,000 Marks for Boys' Clubs

HELSINKI-HELSINGFORS—Rotarians of Helsinki-Helsingfors have presented 1,000 Finnish marks to a city settlement for the purpose of providing suitable play and other equipment in various boys' clubs. Youth Service is an activity to which Rotary clubs in Northern Europe are devoting much attention. At the fourth conference of Rotary clubs in this area, 230 Rotarians and

their wives from Finland, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, gathered at Helsinki for consideration of Rotary problems. Present day youth and the difficulties with which young people are faced, were discussed at length.

Portugal

Initiate Health Contest

PORTO—To encourage mothers to take even greater interest in the care of their children, the Rotary Club of Porto arranged a competition with prizes for the healthiest children. Some 3,000 children were entered in the contest, all of them less than twelve months of age. A total of 237 prizes were awarded, the first five consisting of money, the others of outfit of clothing, provided by families of Porto Rotarians.

Photo: Philadelphia Inquirer.



The Rotary Club of Philadelphia, Pa., takes pride in having both young and old men on its roster. Here the youngest member, Franklin C. Maxwell, 22, pins a diamond-studded Rotary emblem on the lapel of the oldest member, George B. Bains, Jr., 84.

Mexico

Garden School

MEXICO CITY—Rotarians of Mexico's capital are supporting with a great deal of enthusiasm a garden school in which some forty children are being given training.

Urge Fixed Prices

CUERNAVACA—Business men in this city are being urged by members of the Cuernavaca Rotary Club to encourage greater commercial confidence through the practice of charging fixed prices as opposed to the custom of bargaining.

Lead in Community Work

ORIZABA—Rotarians of Orizaba are taking the lead in such constructive activities as the building of suitable highways, proper sanitation, pure drinking water, and loans to needy students.

Chile

Toys for Tots

QUILLOTA—Children in a Quillota orphanage will remember for many a day the date of the Quillota Rotary Club's anniversary. As part of their program Quillota Rotarians presented toys and sweets to all the children in the local orphanage.

India

3,000 Children Visit Circus

CALCUTTA—Rows of delighted and wide-eyed youngsters, numbering 3,000, as well as indigent old folk, attended Hagenbeck's circus when it appeared in Calcutta some time ago. This special treat was arranged through the courtesy of Rotarian L. Hagenbeck, a member of the Berlin, Germany, Rotary Club, in co-operation with Calcutta Rotarians.



Aboard the S.S. Bremen, the Rotary spirit is kept alive on the high seas. Left to right: Past District Governor (54th) W. H. Francke, Aarau, Switzerland; Rotarians Sidney Ayre, Berlin, and Col. Frank Knox, Chicago; Frank Lowden, former governor of Illinois; Commodore L. Ziegelnbein; Alanson B. Houghton, former U.S. ambassador to London and Berlin; and Paul T. Thorwall, Helsinki-Helsingfors, Finland, second vice-president of Rotary International.

Newest of the Rotary clubs in the Netherlands East Indies is that at Cheribon, Java. P. H. W. Sitsen, governor of the recently created 79th district (below, seated third from left), joins with Rotarians from Bandung to celebrate the installation.

Bolivia

Free Care for Needy Ill

SORATA—Needy individuals in Sorata who are convalescing from serious illness are being provided with suitable food by Rotarians of this city. Dr. don Domingo Pascual, a member of the Sorata Rotary Club, is caring for these men and women without charge.

Belgium

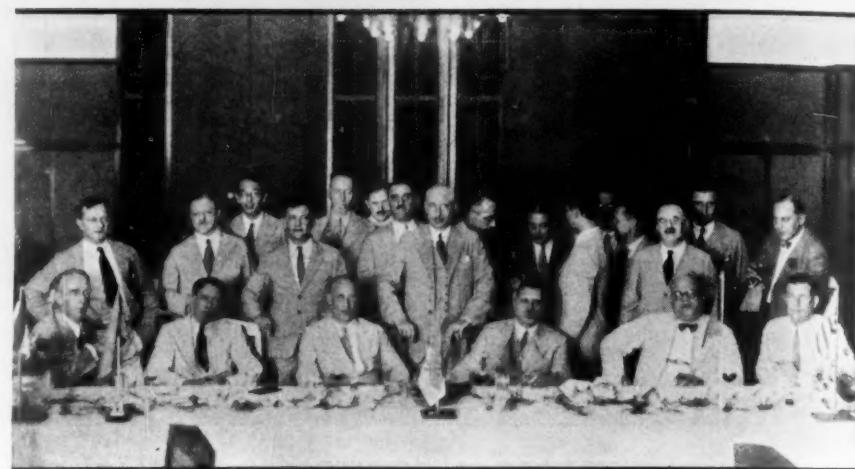
Entertain Rotarians' Sons

Rotarians of the Sixty-first District (Belgium and Luxembourg) have inaugurated a holiday visit to their region for sons of Rotarians from various parts of Europe. The young men, age sixteen to twenty, visit various cities in which there are Rotary clubs, and are entertained in homes of Rotarians.

Brazil

Mobilize Mothers' Aid

PARÁ—Working with their wives, and various women's organizations in the city, Rotarians of Pará are establishing a society whose chief concern will be the care of infants and mothers without resources.



Hong Kong

Picnics for Orphans

HONG KONG—Orphan children in various Hong Kong institutions await eagerly the series of outings the Hong Kong Rotary Club provides for them each summer.

Japan

Movies for Orphans

TOKYO—Members of the Tokyo Rotary Club are providing a series of motion pictures for children of a local orphanage each Friday evening.

Chile

Shining Faces Bring Prizes

LLAY-LLAY—Those children in various Llay-Llay schools whose teeth are brushed most frequently,

Governor Zebulon Judd (26th District, Alabama), at right, receives from Charles Young, vice-chairman of District 13, R.I.B.I.,* on behalf of the Stoke Newington (England) Rotary Club a cabinet of greeting and goodwill for the Rotary Club of Opelika, Alabama. Witnesses: Charles Carter, chairman of District 13, R.I.B.I. (second from left), and Hugh Galloway, Gateshead-on-Tyne, director of Rotary International.

*Rotary International Association for Great Britain and Ireland.

and who are conspicuous for their general habits of cleanliness, are presented with prizes each month by the local Rotary club. This is part of a general campaign to encourage hygienic habits, which is being carried on by Rotarians of Llay-Llay.

Renovate Outmoded Theater

TOMÉ—Believing that a local theater presented serious hazards to those attending, the Rotary Club of Tomé has been instrumental in having the entire theater remodeled to meet health and safety requirements.

Fight Yellow Fever

CHUQUICAMATA—A threatened epidemic of yellow fever in this section of Chile has been checked by municipal and sanitary authorities co-operating with the Rotary club.

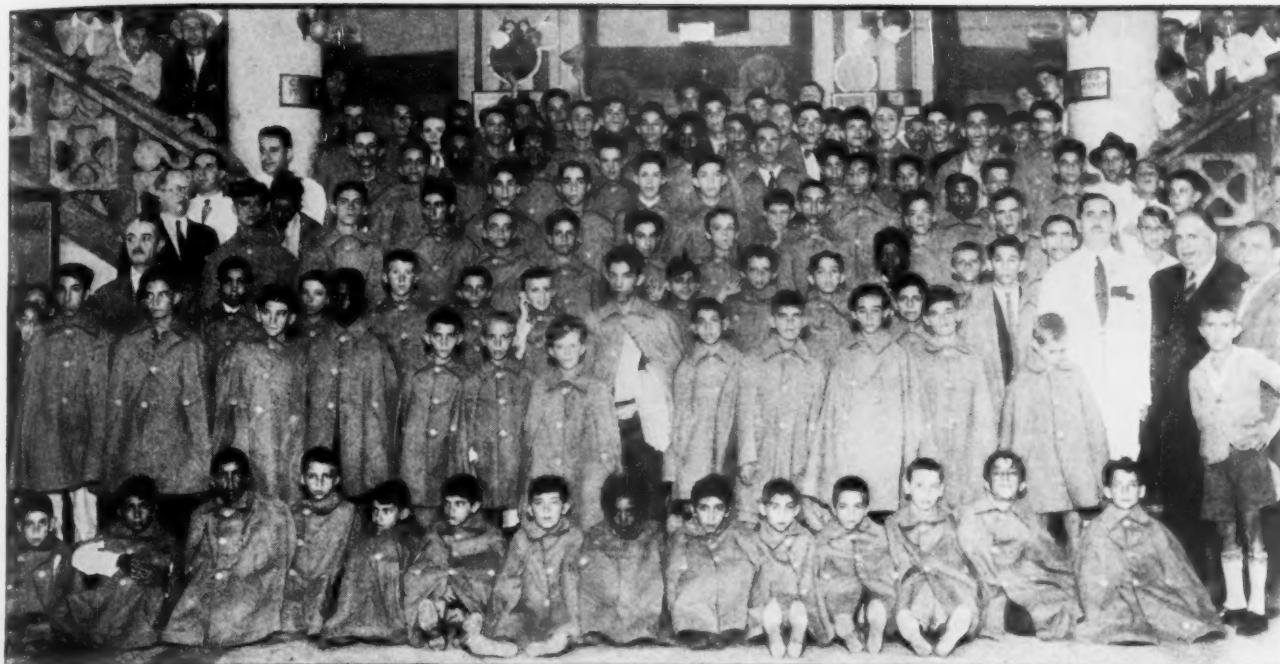
Distribute Clothes, Shoes

CALAMA—Needy villagers in San Pedro, Atacama, and Toconao were greatly pleased recently when a committee of Rotarians visited them bringing a substantial supply of clothes and shoes.

Czechoslovakia

Help Member's Son

PRAGUE—When the son of a deceased member of the Rotary club was unable to complete his studies, Prague Rotarians established a scholarship for him which will enable him to carry on his work.



Rain will not dampen the bodies of this group of Santos, Brazil, newsboys since youth-conscious Rotarians of this city provided them with waterproof capes. This is but one of several community services sponsored by the Rotary Club.

England

Aid Cancer Campaign

SWANSEA—Following an appeal from the British Empire Cancer Campaign, the Rotary Club of Swansea has been instrumental in holding a series of benefit concerts to collect funds. Cinema collections for this campaign have also met with marked success.

Work Centers for Idle

WILLESDEN EAST—Occupation centers have been established by the Willesden East Rotary Club for men who are unemployed. Not only are shoe and clothes mending and furniture repair undertaken, but the men are provided with food and lodging.

To Preserve English Country Side

TOTNES—Several members of the Totnes Rotary Club have become so interested in the work of the Devon Branch of the Council for the Preservation of Rural England, that they are suggesting individual membership to Rotarians in Devon clubs.

Photo: Kaufmann & Fabry.

Civic Service Committee

HASTINGS—An active group in the Hastings Rotary Club is the Civic Service Committee, whose opinion on every subject of importance in local government is always carefully considered and regarded as being of great value.

Canada

Raise Sum for Play Equipment

MOOSE JAW, SASK.—In order that their playgrounds may function properly this summer, Rotarians of Moose Jaw recently held a benefit Sports Day in which pony races, whippet races, and a great number of platform attractions furnished part of the program.

Observe Jubilee

SUDBURY, ONT.—A special edition of *The Sudbury Star* recently heralded the tenth anniversary of the Sudbury Rotary Club. Advertising proceeds from this particular issue were donated to the Rotary club's fund for crippled children work. The care of cripples has been one of the prime interests of Sudbury Rotarians during the

club's ten-year existence. Over \$11,000, a report shows, has been paid for hospitalization alone, while a similar sum has thus far been donated to a local nursing unit which provides free nursing care in the home. So outstanding has been the work of this nursing unit that out of 2,162 babies born in homes, only two maternal deaths resulted.

Children Assured Happy Summer

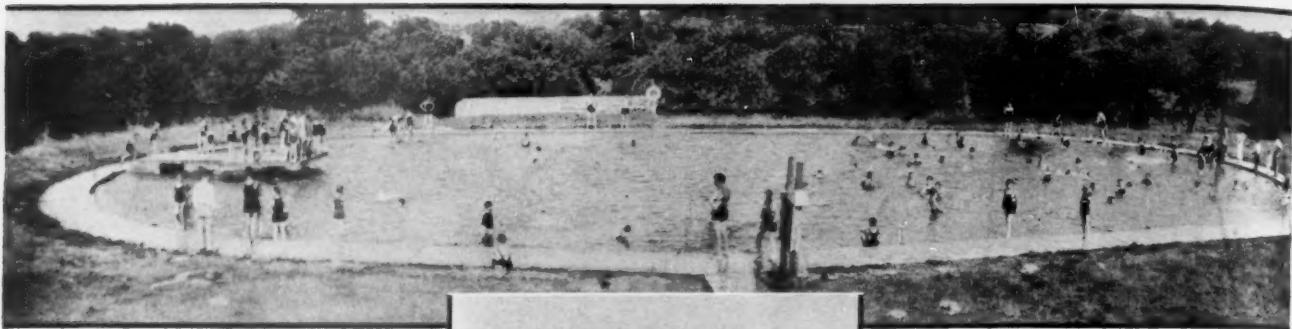
GANOQUE, ONT.—Any child in Gananoque may learn to swim—for the local Rotary club each summer provides a series of lessons for them. In addition, the Gananoque Rotary Club is planning a new playground for the children.

Entertain Prime Minister

QUEBEC, QUE.—Several hundred leading citizens of Quebec, including members of the local Kiwanis club, gathered recently to honor Mr. Taschereau, Prime Minister of the Province of Quebec, at a meeting held by the Rotary club of this city. This luncheon also served as a reception to officers of the French cruiser *Jeanne d'Arc*, a number of whom gave excellent addresses.



Of course, you'll recognize the end man (left) of this Chicago Rotary Club minstrel group—none other than Chesley R. Perry, secretary of Rotary International. Others shown here make up a part of Chicago Rotary's Glee Club which will sing in the August music festival sponsored by the Chicago Tribune.



United States of America

Students Fraternize by Mail

SALINA, KANS.—Rotarians of Salina believe in projects which coördinate club and student activity in the field of international relations. Therefore the local international service committee inaugurated a plan of correspondence between students at Kansas Wesleyan University and those of other lands including England, France, Germany, and Czechoslovakia.

Chic Cotton Gowns

FORT WORTH, TEX.—Rotarians whose business has to do with cotton and clothing recently presented a program before members of the Fort Worth Rotary Club. An interesting feature of this meeting, to which wives of Rotarians were invited, was a style show with models displaying cotton garments. Several beautiful prizes from local business houses were presented to the guests.

One Up for Downs

OSBORNE, KANS.—Guests who bring their meal with them are a special delight and surprise—any host knows—and so Osborne Rotarians recently discovered. The Rotary Club of Downs made arrangements with the women of an Osborne church to provide a dinner for both clubs; then, when everything was in readiness, Osborne Rotarians were invited.

Write High School Code

BERKELEY, CAL.—Pupils in local junior high schools this past spring competed in writing a Code of Ethics which would be applicable to boys and girls of junior high school age. Three prizes were offered in this competition which was carried on under the direction of the Boys Work committee of the Berkeley Rotary Club. It is the intention of the club to have the code winning the first prize printed on an attractive card and presented to each high school pupil.

Remember 'Boys in Blue'

CANANDAIGUA, N. Y.—Though their ranks are rapidly thinning, veterans of the Civil War, in and around Canandaigua, are entertained each Memorial Day by members of the local Rotary club.

Save Charter Member's Record

COLUMBIA, TENN.—Columbia Rotarians believe that a ten-year record of perfect attendance is of concern to all the members of a club; therefore when an appendectomy threatened the record of Charter Member Walter Hastings recently, the entire club gathered one week at the hospital, and the next at Walter's home. The Columbia Rotary Club feels it owes a lasting debt to Walter Hastings, for in gloomy 1931, when the now-thriving club of thirty-two members, had



Back in 1921 a group of Rockford, Ill., Rotarians decided that youth of their community needed a place for summer outings. Soon a beautiful river site was selected and Camp Rotary became a reality. This playground has since grown to seventy-six acres, now a complete and well-equipped camp used by both boys and girls, winter and summer, with permanent buildings, sewerage and lighting systems, swimming pool (above), and winter lodge—at a total cost of about \$60,000. The freckle-faced lad (left) is but one of the several thousand that have enjoyed the privileges of Camp Rotary. This summer, Rockford Rotarians are giving 160 under-privileged boys the benefit of outdoor life.

Twelve-year old Robert Davenport, for example, told Rotarians, that he realized his class was not yet at the top, and that proper habits are a major factor in future careers. Billy Stewart, also twelve years old, paid a fine tribute to mothers; while Willard Caton, from one of the high school classes, expressed the belief Rotary principles might readily be adopted by all students.

Milk and Crackers

NAUGATUCK, CONN.—Those children who were given noon-day lunches during the school year, will be provided with milk and crackers during the summer season by Naugatuck Rotarians. Distribution will be made at the school grounds.

Building Scout Camp

PEEKSKILL, N. Y.—Work on a splendid Boy Scout camp, a project initiated by the Peekskill Rotary Club, is progressing rapidly. Various members made contributions to the fund for the construction work, while donations of building material were solicited from construction companies by the Boys Work committee.

Pennies, Nickels, Dimes, Quarters

KOŚCIUSKO, Miss.—Rotarians of Kosciusko are active in a campaign to build a hospital for crippled adults. Each week the club has a drawing, each member contributing all the one, five, or ten cent coins in his pocket, depending upon the number drawn. A regular monthly contribution of twenty-five cents is also made by each member.

Honor Citizenship Students

SOUTH HILL, VA.—Each month Rotarians of South Hill invite to their meetings the boy and girl making the highest grade in their citizenship course for the preceding month.

A Social Audit of the New Deal

By H. W. Kendall

Associate Editor, "Greensboro (N.C.) Daily News"

IT IS a wholesome development, from one angle, indicative of a revolution in cerebration if not in economics and sociology, when America, improvident, spendthrift, gambling America, pauses to ask if it can afford, how it is going to pay for, this thing or that.

Hence this question, as a rallying cry for a substantial segment of opposition to the New Deal, is not without its distinctly heartening aspects. It reveals that America is thinking, that it is eyeing the brakes instead of the accelerator upon which the collective and individual foot rested so firmly during pre-depression days and that, above all, the program at which it is specifically directed is taking hold.

Business is bucking up; the individual citizen is bucking up; there is time to cogitate, to make inquiry, to idle a bit in the heretofore pell-mell dash for governmental succor. The plea "For God's sake do something" is evanescent into "What's it going to cost?"

But aside from the sound bottoming of this new query, in the abstract, its timing and its origin lessen the effectiveness and modify the response which it might otherwise be expected to produce. If a member of the family has an inflamed appendix, is seriously injured in an automobile accident, or is about to bleed to death, he or she is rushed to a surgeon or a hospital for medical attention.

March a year ago, with every bank in the United States closed, with unemployment reaching record heights, with an overwhelming mandate, to say nothing of the compulsion of prevailing conditions, of the American people to do something and do it quickly, the incoming administration found a patient with far more than an inflamed appendix and a raging fever dumped on its operating table. It pitched in with scalpel, with oxygen, and with blood transfusions; and it is still at work, especially with recurring transfusions of that which is essential to any nation's or individual's life, credit, government credit when private was no more.

After a patient has been pulled through a crisis, abandonment just when convalescence has set in, when the victim must be rebuilt, strengthened and forti-

The accompanying article is one of many comments inspired by "Paying for the New Deal," by Fred H. Clausen, which appeared in a recent issue of THE ROTARIAN. Several letters have already been published in the "Open Forum" department.

fied against subsequent attack, with all its fatal potentialities would be as foolhardy as to have refused emergency treatment, while weighing the costs, in the hour of crisis; perhaps more so when one considers the effort and the funds already expended.

It is strange, whatever sort of commentary the individual cares to make of it, that the cry of cost and inability to pay should have been withheld until this late day, and when the expenditures under fire are going for constructive and rehabilitational purposes. Eighteen years ago the United States launched on such a spending spree as it had never seen, and even now, despite fearful protests, the outgo has been upon no such lavish scale. It dived headfirst, a bayonet in one hand and a grenade in the other, into the World War.

million dollar contracts day after day, the orgy of installment buying, the real estate extravaganzas, the Wall Street vacuum, and the dizzy jazz-castle erected on the foundation of paper profit? No one asked about ability to pay in those days.

But if that line of approach sounds too much like senatorial oratory or extension of remarks in the *Congressional Record*, which it most positively is not, let us become pragmatic. The expenditures which are questioned lie in the field of emergency relief and reconstruction. The CWA program has cost millions and FERA activities, which are replacing it or carrying on where it left off, will cost millions more, the total sum running into the billions. But it cannot possibly be contended that this expenditure is or was without result. The potential social dangers which it headed off will never be known or evaluated.

Much actual construction, particularly of parks and playgrounds which are directly in answer to the problems of more leisure time with its tendency for social disintegration or improvement, dependent upon guidance and utilization, has been done by this army of workers. Surely, the mere fact that several million American citizens have been tided over the winter and that those who have had an honest desire to work, despite the non-descripts who may have taken advantage of the situation, have had that desire gratified, is of some monetary value. The same dual benefits, plus development of abstract qualities of character and diversion of youths from the streets, from the highways, from hobo jungles, and from anti-social tendencies and temptations, have characterized expenditure of funds for CCC activities.

But by far the greatest part of relief expenditures has taken the form of loans. When private credit broke down, there was no alternative save for federal credit to step in. Where business would be if these loans had not been advanced, if Washington had not assisted in a nationwide program of refinancing, is a decidedly sobering thought. The most substantial advancement has been made to banks, 37.6 per cent of the \$5,000,000,000 or more which Uncle Sam has lent going

WHEN that conflict had finally bled its way out, its horrors were found to have cost, all told, the universe which it wrecked \$400,000,000,000, of which the United States' actual and direct contribution was \$20,000,000,000; the national indebtedness jumped from \$1,500,000,000 in 1916 to \$26,000,000,000 in 1919. The graph shot straight upward; shot in more ways than one, for the entire amount went not into construction but into destruction and instruments of destruction, into guns, into armaments, into poisonous gas, into suffering, agony, and death; and, beyond that, into hospitalization, bonuses that remain ever with us, and pensions which may yet prove a national drain beggaring conception.

But nobody questioned the justification of these expenditures, the nation's ability to pay for agencies of destruction. Rather there was a demand, an irresistible demand, for tax reduction so that business profits might continue to swell and national obligations might drag along to what has proved a more dismal and unbearable day of reckoning.

The same total lack of consideration was shown in the so-called boom period. Who ever heard of big business making inquiry about ability to pay during the era of state and municipal expenditures,

to these institutions. In order, advances have been made to states, cities, counties, and other public bodies, farm financing, railroads, private construction companies, mortgage loan companies, home owners, building and loan associations, and insurance companies. They pretty well cover the business and industrial field.

The point is that Washington has merely taken over or extended credit where it previously obtained but could no longer be carried or secured. When it is realized that services, activities, construction, functions, capital investments, and expenditures, particularly in interest rates, have merely been transferred from private sources or lesser governmental subdivisions, the federal government's load, which is the nation's load that all of us are bearing together, is not so far, in fact very little, out of the ordinary. The public must bear the burden in any event, and with government credit lower than private, a subsequent reduction of interest rates in most of the refinancing programs, the ultimate burden may be lessened after all.

It is true that exorbitant salaries, watered stock, and holding company pyramids may be squeezed out of ex-

istence. In that event, the process is simply too bad; but the levelling can hardly be criticised on the basis of inequitable distribution or easement of the load generally. PWA funds are merely investments, made largely in self-liquidating projects scheduled for regular retirement over a period of years. At the very outset, Uncle Sam picked up approximately \$2,000,000,000 in devaluation of the dollar, and that is not an inconsequential step towards liquidation.

There is at the same time tangible evidence that the government is backing out of the situation which the viewers-with-alarm decry. The Reconstruction Finance corporation, through which the bank loans have been handled, reports that these loans are being repaid as they mature, that demand for federal credit is modifying. The outlook is that the year's deficit will be much smaller than was anticipated only a few months ago, prospects now being for a \$5,000,000,000 instead of a \$7,000,000,000 deficiency as was previously forecast.

The CWA army has been demobilized. Relief is being placed upon a more efficient basis, involving subsistence and actual need; and the Agricultural Adjustment Administration, involving crop cur-

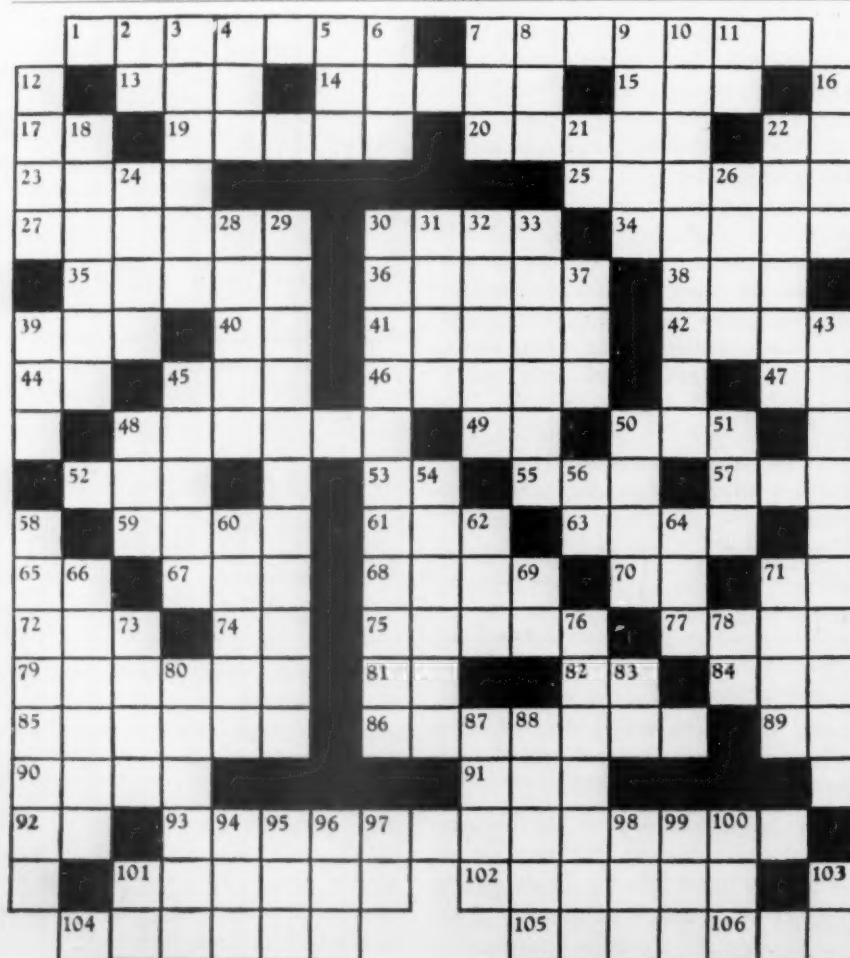
tailment, has more than paid its way, collections exceeding payments to growers by several million dollars through process taxes which represent, in this particular field, a virtual pay-as-you-go policy.

There is evidence that America can pay and that America, even now, is paying; paying not for shells and cannon, not for fancied paper profits, not for real estate plots that are under water two-thirds of the time, not for stock which will prove worth less than the paper it is printed on, not for court upkeep of Insull empires, not for an imported brougham when it should be riding in a second-hand machine or even walking, but for solid, substantial benefits, for life more abundant where sweetness and light have heretofore been unknown, for placement of the nation upon a more stable foundation, and for tuition to the ever-exacting school of experience.

The American people, as a people, are getting more for their money than ever before. Can they afford to pay?

Can they afford not to pay?

For the Idle Hour



| HORIZONTAL | VERTICAL |
|---|--|
| 1 A Rotary fundamental | 2 Latin for "and" |
| 7 A popular walking stick | 3 Has six objects |
| 13 Also | 4 Pledge |
| 14 Fertile spots | 5 Race of lettuce |
| 15 Cry of sheep | 6 To devour |
| 17 Exists | 7 To be said of the Detroit convention |
| 19 To interwine | 8 Man's name |
| 20 Bird claw | 9 Over |
| 22 Italian river | 10 Some of Uncle Sam's neighbors |
| 23 Girl's name | 11 Symbol for calcium |
| 25 City on Catalina Island | 12 To eat carefully |
| 27 Blackened | 16 Habit |
| 30 Hostile incursion | 18 Having permanence |
| 34 Command | 21 Sixth note of scale |
| 35 One who purchases | 22 Pouch of garment |
| 36 Mistook | 24 Loyal |
| 38 A popular fluid in recent years | 26 Heather |
| 39 Beverage | 28 Weird |
| 40 Prefix: again | 29 Much discussed at Geneva |
| 41 Edible seeds (obs.) | 30 Filled again |
| 42 Old | 31 Superficial extent |
| 44 Third most popular pronoun | 32 Angry |
| 45 Narrow inlet | 33 To cease |
| 46 A dead language | 37 Lair |
| 47 Toward | 39 Boring tool |
| 48 Women and doctors use them | 43 Control |
| 49 Plural ending | 45 Interprets (arch.) |
| 50 Serpent * | 48 Western American State (abbr.) |
| 52 To marry | 50 To aid |
| 53 Negative | 51 Fold |
| 55 Record | 54 Liquid part of fat |
| 57 Word by Hawaiian delegates to Rotary conventions | 56 Hebrew month |
| 59 To prohibit | 58 Annoyed |
| 61 Sick | 60 Whistles |
| 63 Flock | 62 Roman household deity |
| 65 Correlative of either | 64 Large basin |
| 66 Old French coin | 66 Staggered |
| 67 Line of juncture | 69 Second most popular pronoun |
| 68 Symbol of tantalum | 71 Form |
| 71 Colloquial: mother | 73 Fathers |
| 72 To spread hay | 76 Fate |
| 74 King of Bashan | 78 Egyptian sun god |
| 75 Employed | 80 To withdraw |
| 77 Gait of horse | 83 Pronoun |
| 79 Fireplace | 87 A fuel |
| 81 Type measure | 88 Pertaining to a grain |
| 82 Type measure | 94 To scold |
| 84 Mohammedan name | 95 To bind |
| 85 First born | 96 Abstract being |
| 86 Removed from office | 97 Rupees (abbr.) |
| 89 To act | 98 Number of the Chicago Rotary Club (see p. 25) |
| 90 Remainder | 99 Symbol for nickel |
| 91 To corrode | 100 Tree |
| 92 Man's nickname | 101 Musical note |
| 93 Describes Rotary | 103 By |
| 94 Prepares | |
| 95 Game | |
| 96 Sets | |
| 97 Brood | |
| 98 Warm | |
| 101 | |
| 102 | |
| 105 | |
| 106 | |

Answers on page 64

Clara, Lu, 'n' Em, popular radio stars, secure first-hand information on mechanical milking while visiting the International Harvester exhibit at the Century of Progress Exposition. Here is a "robot cow" which moves head and ears, chews her cud, blinks her eyes, switches her tail, gives milk, and moos! Outwardly she resembles a Holstein-Friesian cow — inwardly her insides are filled with motors, cams, levers, and other gadgets. The "milk" (an oil solution) circulates continuously from cow to pail and back again, although in appearance it is drawn from the cow solely by the suction of the milker.



Photo: Kaufmann & Fabry, Chicago.

Our "Bright Idea" Department

By Watson Davis

Director, Science Service

CAN the elusive flavor of fresh oranges at last be captured and sealed into cans and bottles? Two chemists believe that they have achieved a new degree of success with this hard problem of avoiding a "cooked" taste. The secret, it is explained, lies in rapid pasteurization and de-aeration. The citrus fruit juices preserved by the new method are said to keep satisfactorily.

* * *

Your next car may have a synthetic rubber windshield—that is to say a shield made of a new safety glass, layers of glass with a binder of synthetic rubber sandwiched between. Glass combined with this new material is said to be extra-strong and proof against the clouding that mars some shatter-proof glass after a time. The new artificial rubber was developed by a German chemist just before the World War ended. Now a United States firm is putting the test-tube rubber to work.

* * *

Many more different colors are being used in industry than are necessary for practical purposes. Some 12,000 paint colors are being used on American automobiles today, for example, and these can be arranged in 40 to 50 groups of colors in which the naked eye can detect

scarcely any difference. Probably 300 colors would satisfy the desires of all automobile manufacturers and buyers.

* * *

The idea that a box is not merely something to throw away when empty is gaining headway in manufacturing circles. One maker of toilet preparations is packaging face powder in a box with a base composed of synthetic plastic materials. The base can be used as an ash tray, or, if the customer continues to use the powder, she can acquire a set of the little octagons for coasters for the table.

* * *

Three-in-one electric lights that will allow low, medium, and high illumination from the same bulb will soon be saving money for merchants and other users of large light bulbs. The electric lamp manufacturers have devised an incandescent lamp that contains two filaments, which, when burned singly or in combination, gave three light intensities. A bulb the size of an ordinary 500 watt bulb contains filaments operating at 200 and 300 watt. The idea is that now the lights in show windows and stores can be varied according to the shopping traffic.

* * *

As streamlined automobiles become the fashion, dictated by engineers striving for more economical gasoline consump-

tion or greater top speed, it has been discovered that it is not alone the "head-on" air resistance that is important. Winds from the side affect the automobile's performance markedly, a 40-mile per hour wind blowing at an angle of 45 degrees on a car moving 40 miles per hour having the same effect as a push of 300 pounds on the side of a typical car. As a result, designers have begun to test their new model designs for running in windy weather.

* * *

Air conditioning has found another duty to perform. It is now clearing the air of odors arising from garbage. A Washington hotel is trying out this method of keeping its refuse from reeking while awaiting the city collector.

* * *

There will be no need to honk your horn angrily in order to make a lumbering truck pull over and let your auto pass if a new "electric eye" safety device invented in France is generally adopted. A sturdy and inexpensive photoelectric cell is required on the back of each truck. If a car behind wants to pass, it switches on its lights. The illumination sets up a current in truck's rear "eye," which rings a bell warning the truck driver.

[See also page 22]



'The Legion of the Lucky'

- (1) E. J. Menerey, Glassboro, N. J., Pitman G. C., 123 yards.
- (2) Harlan B. Allen, Mineola, N. Y., Bethpage G. C., 140 yards.
- (3) Admiral F. Borden, Los Angeles, Calif., 220 yards.
- (4) Henry T. Ewald, Detroit, Mich. (three holes-in-one, all iron shots 150 yards or more), Biloxi C. C., (1924); Asheville C. C. (1929); Bloomfield Hills C. C. (1930).
- (5) Harold Leonard, Chariton, Ia., Lakeview G. & C. C., 145 yards.
- (6) Eugene Baldwin, Philadelphia, Pa. (two holes-in-one), Valley Forge G. C., 145 yards; Bala G. C., 192 yards.
- (7) Frank B. Mullin, Elmira, N. Y., Elmira C. C., 145 yards.
- (8) George D. Scott, Toronto, Ont., Can., Weston G. & C. C., 130 yards.
- (9) Jack E. North, Cleveland, O., Acacia C. C., 157 yards.
- (10) Carl M. Monson, LaCrosse, Wis., C. C., 220 yards.
- (11) Ed F. Shaw, Henderson, N. C., West End C. C., 157 yards.
- (12) Myrl L. Meehan, Stafford, Kans., Stafford C. C., 165 yards.
- (13) W. D. Keir, St. Catherines, Ont., Can., G. C., 135 yards.
- (14) O. T. Pieper, Wilmington, Del., Rich-Maiden G. C., 135 yards.
- (15) Roy C. Davidson, Burley, Ida., Burley C. C., 125 yards.
- (16) John C. Pangborn, Hagerstown, Md., Fountain Head C. C. (Two holes-in-one two weeks apart, 191 yards and 178 yards respectively.)
- (17) D. T. Caldwell, Petersburg, Va., Petersburg C. C., 142 yards.
- (18) John O. Blomquist, Thompsonville, Conn., Suffield C. C., 186 yards.
- (19) Homer E. Robinson, Rockland, Me., Boothbay Harbor C. C., 150 yards.
- (20) Claude Anderson, Slaton, Tex., Santa Fe G. C., 128 yards.
- (21) Dr. C. Ferd Lehmann, San Antonio, Tex., San Antonio C. C., 181 yards.
- (22) Elisha Morgan, Vincennes, Ind., Buena Vista G. C., 210 yards.
- (23) George S. Peacock, Regina, Sask., Can., Wascana C. C., 117 yards.

The Rotarian's Hole-in-One Club

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Mr.
Judge!

Rotarian "Bill"

. . . A True Story

HE WAS papa of the town, this Mister Man. He was an ex-judge; for years he had served the town as mayor. He owned a great deal of the town. He was "in" on everything in it. He was a dignified man. He looked it.

People came more or less naturally to "mistering" and "your honoring" him. So, in keeping with this atmosphere, the fellow "mistered" everybody else.

One day Rotary came to his town. . . . The group comprising the charter membership, among them His Honor, gathered around the city's banquet hall, to hear the story of what it was all about.

The preliminaries aside, the visiting Rotary organizer moved presently into the story of the days when a lonely lawyer called together a few friends, etc. . . .

Then came the business of giving a practical demonstration of this thing called "Rotary fellowship." As a starter, the chairman called the doctor by his first name. Such a surprise! Or was it a bomb-shell?

Old Man Dignity, the mayor, etc., had sat through it all, aheming and ahrumping occasionally as the evening progressed. At length, the chairman spoke of him. He spoke familiarly of him—called him "Bill"!

Brother Smith and all his clan could have been knocked over with the swish of an eye-lash. It was simply too much. Everybody expected the worst. The city's stalwart—being familiarly addressed by his first name—and by a stranger!

Did Bill arise to the occasion? He did. He stood up, the embodiment of grandeur and importance. He spoke slowly—hardly above a whisper at first. "Mr. Chairman," he said, "ah-rump—I have been greatly surprised this evening. You gentlemen probably realize that. But, I want to tell you something: Contrary to what you may have concluded, our visitor did me an incalculable favor (was this sarcasm?)—by—by calling me Bill.

"For thirty years I've wanted to be called Bill. But you've 'mistered' and 'your-honored' me until I had come to believe that I completely lacked that something that inspires a sense of mutual fellowship, whereby ceremony is dropped.

"Indeed, I feel honored: I am happy, too. You may—and I request that you do—promptly dismiss from your mind any misapprehension in regard to my attitude on the fellowship matter. From now on, I'm plain Bill. Bill Smith."

Mr. William Smith, town dignitary! Judge! Mayor! Now Bill Smith—*Rotarian!*



The water wheel and aqueduct at Hama, Syria—photographed by Raymond E. Manville of Greensburg, Pa., one of many photographs submitted in the 1933 Vacation Photographs Contest.

\$300 in Cash Prizes

for Best Vacation Photographs

THIS world-wide Vacation Photographs Competition is open to all readers of this magazine—Rotarian and non-Rotarian—amateur and professional. Here is an opportunity to win a cash prize. Select a few of your best photographs and enter them in this contest. Whether you spent your vacation in some faraway land or in some restful place close at home—if you are a real vacationist, you took along your camera and you have some pictures as a reminder of happy hours. One of your best photos may win one of these cash prizes!

\$100

First Prize

\$75

Second Prize

\$50

Third Prize

Two Prizes of

\$10 each

Five Prizes of

\$5 each

Ten Prizes of

\$3 each

THE rules are easy to remember: Any number of pictures may be submitted. On the back of each one should be plainly lettered the title, kind of camera used, name and address of contestant. If photographs are to be returned, then sufficient postage should accompany them for that purpose. Photographs must be received not later than September 15, 1934. An extension to October 5, 1934, will be granted to those living outside the United States and Canada. No responsibility will be assumed by THE ROTARIAN for loss or damage to prints.

This is the third annual Vacation Photographs Competition which THE ROTARIAN has sponsored. Last year, hundreds of photographs were submitted from all over the world. Amateur photographers took just as keen interest in the competition as their professional brothers. The first prize last year was won by an amateur photographer. We invite you to participate in this world-wide contest. We hope you will be fortunate in winning one of the prizes. A jury of prominent photographers will judge the competition—their names to be announced later.

Be among the early ones. Send in your photographs now. Address all communications, entries, etc., to—

Contest Editor, THE ROTARIAN

211 West Wacker Drive, Chicago, U.S.A.

Who Should Make War Munitions? *The Government*

[Continued from page 13]

magnate, controls *Le Temps* and the *Journal des Débats*. These, with five other French dailies which belong to the same group, have been a principal means of keeping alive the hatred and suspicion of Germany, and their owners have benefited to the extent of many millions of francs from the orders received for the new fortifications of the French eastern frontiers and other forms of war material. They have maintained a ceaseless barrage against any and every constructive disarmament proposal.

Herr Thyssen's present position in Prussia is a sufficient advertisement of his success in giving so military a character to the German National Revolution. Whereas many other industries in Germany find no means of employing their men and selling their wares, his great steel combine is said to be working at high pressure. No doubt many of the millions added to the military expenditure of the Reich will go into his coffers. If we are to judge from press reports, he has recently blossomed out into a most profitable traffic in arms through the Arksis Company at Zurich.

THE armaments industries work in so subterranean a fashion that the ordinary public can get only an inkling of the truth from the more flagrant scandals which it is impossible to suppress, and which become newspaper copy. Of these there have been quite enough in the last few years to justify beyond all possible doubt the overwhelming case against private manufacture, stated as a matter of common belief by a commission of the League of Nations in 1921. It is a pity that the United States Senate inquiry of 1929 did not pursue to the bitter end the scandal of Mr. Shearer, but quite enough was discovered to make it clear beyond a shadow of doubt that he had (as, indeed, he claimed) a great measure of responsibility for wrecking the Geneva Naval Conference in 1927, by his anti-British propaganda, and that he was paid by American steel interests.

The Skoda scandal in Rumania a few years earlier is so typical that it is worth quoting. The following is a report of a speech in the Rumanian Parliament made by a deputy, Dr. Lupu: "Alarming rumors were circulated regarding the situation in Bessarabia, and it was said that there were powerful concentrations of Russian forces on the Rumanian frontiers. This information was, as is now known, spread by Zeletzky, the repre-

sentative of the Skoda works, in order to influence the then Council of Regency to place larger orders with the Skoda for munitions to be supplied to Rumania. After the contracts were concluded, the rumors of troop concentration ceased, and it afterwards became known that they were baseless. The contract with Skoda was concluded by the Secretary-General of the Ministry of War and the then Minister of War, General Cihowsky, against the provisions of the law and without the permission of the Munitions Committee of the Ministry of War."

Another case of bribery was revealed by the Swedish government in 1931, when it published the findings of a governmental commission of inquiry which recommended the dismissal of four high officers, as unsuited to their posts. One had received bribes from an aircraft firm.

But even when the traffic in arms conforms, as in the case of British firms it generally does, to legal requirements, including the issue of a government license for export, they are hardly less a menace to peace. This can best be understood by observing the activities of the armament firms in connection with the very conflicts which the League of Nations has been trying to compose.

Thus, while the Council of the League, including representatives of the German and French governments, was endeavoring to stop the Japanese occupation of Manchuria, and to find a peaceful solution for the Sino-Japanese conflict, quantities of arms and ammunitions were going from the factories of both countries to Japan. To quote only one or two instances which have already been published in the press: the Schneider works in France executed a contract for twenty heavy tanks, and a well-known automobile factory at Dijon an order for 4,000 heavy airplane bombs. A single Norwegian steamer, Zoward, is known to have taken 4,000 crates of explosives from Hamburg to a Japanese port, and huge quantities of acids for making explosives were shipped by the German chemical industry to the same destination; in one case, 2,600 packages of chemicals were declared as pianos.

Shortly before the war broke out between Bolivia and Paraguay, an energetic agent of the largest British armament manufacturers is reported to have obtained orders for a million and a half sterling from the Bolivian government. His colleague (acting separately) was doing the same in Paraguay. For five years or more this futile and sanguinary con-

flict has continued with short truces negotiated by the League of Nations, the Holy See, and the Pan-American Congress; but all efforts at peace have recently broken down.

As the Chaco Commission has shown in its report to the Council of the League, it is impossible that this disastrous and inconclusive fighting could have been maintained so long, if armaments had not been poured into both countries from the arms-producing states. Let us hope that at long last the embargo proposed by the Council will put an end to this,

SURELY it is abundantly clear that, so long as the manufacture and sale of the means of destroying human life provide this immense scope for private profit, all efforts to organize peace are bound to fail; the competition in armaments will almost certainly continue with its inevitable result. It is not enough to declare, as does the Covenant of the League, "that the manufacture by private enterprise of munitions and implements of war is open to grave objections." All men and women who have any sense of human decency must unite to demand that the *profit shall be taken out of war*.

It may be said that it is impossible to remove altogether from private enterprise the manufacture of arms in all its stages, from the raw material onward. I agree. But I can see no reason why the completion and sale of any warlike weapon or ammunition should not be in the hands of the State, as indeed the French, Spanish, Polish, and Danish governments jointly proposed to the Disarmament Conference. Were governments directly responsible to their own electorate and to an international authority for the making of all armaments within their territories in this strict sense, and for all exports and imports of arms, it would, I believe, be a great step forward in the direction of clean international politics. That armaments should be made and sold for private profit is in the highest degree against the public interest.

How then are we to put an end to this abominable system before it puts an end to us? It took a civil war to stop slavery in the United States: but even so the curse of the slave trade would not have been eradicated if public opinion had not been educated to regard it as something essentially cruel and dishonorable. A decade before the final abolition of slavery in the British Empire, hundreds of

eminently respectable ladies and gentlemen—the commercial aristocracy of Liverpool, for instance—were shareholders in the slave trade without any twinge of conscience. It was by a passionately sincere, incessant appeal to the better nature of men that Wilberforce and Clarkson achieved the great reform. They succeeded in making it shameful to have any dealing with the commerce in human beings. So must we labor now.

No doubt at certain times and in certain circumstances there is nothing dis honorable in supplying the reasonable needs of a government for weapons of defence. Neither is the manufacture and sale of noxious drugs necessarily wicked. But experience has shown, both in one case and the other, that the merchandise of these things leads to the unscrupulous stimulation of the demand for them. We must use every available means to drive into the hearts and minds of our fellows the conviction that to seek profit from the slaughter of our brother men is an even greater sin and crime than to batten on the vice of drug addiction.

* * *

In February, 1932, the Disarmament Conference opened at Geneva. More than two years later, on May 27, 1934, representatives of the nations gathered again at Geneva for the session still in progress. Immediately prior to its opening, Viscount Cecil discussed its aims in an article in The New York Times, of which the following are extracts.

Deadlock, Failure, Crisis, Funereal—such are the terms lightly, and in some cases even jubilantly, used by newspapers today about the first great effort in world history to restrict military force within agreed limits in the common interest of mankind. The makers of armaments are becoming more insolent in their prosperity; big navy men and other

professional nationalists more shameless in advocating the immediate expansion of their countries' armaments. Such is the atmosphere in which Arthur Henderson reassembles his General Commission at Geneva.

The outlook would indeed be one of unrelieved gloom were it not for the fact that, even now, there are overwhelming forces ready to be brought into action in favor of disarmament if only the truth of the present dangers can be made known to them. . . .

In my own country a daily newspaper, controlled by Lord Rothermere, whose hostility to the League of Nations is well known, recently conducted a ballot among its readers in a great seaport town upon certain issues of foreign policy. The result showed a majority of ten to one for the continued participation of Great Britain in the League and an even greater majority for the suppression of the private manufacturers of armaments.

This last issue indeed is beginning to arouse feelings of passionate indignation in Great Britain, and also, I believe, in the United States. Hardly a day passes without resolutions or petitions being presented to members of Parliament and to ministers in favor of the abolition of the abominable system by which a handful of industrialists, financiers, and shareholders make money out of provoking wars and rumors of wars. In concentrating upon this issue, public opinion reveals a sound instinct. For the disarmament conference would not have been brought to the brink of disaster had it not been to the material advantage of the enemies of peace to bring it there.

. . . The world must know what are, in view of the past work of the conference, the practical possibilities of agreement, what governments are responsible for blocking agreements and the inevitable consequences of a breakdown.

Those consequences extend far beyond the mere volume of armaments. It is true

that failure at Geneva will mean that all hope of reducing taxation will vanish; that expenditure on armaments, already on the upward grade in Britain, the United States, Japan, Russia, France, Italy, Belgium, Turkey, and almost all the lesser European powers, will inevitably increase; and that, with the progressive militarization of nations, human liberty will be more and more constrained. But it may well mean also—and this is the greatest danger of all—an abandonment of the collective system of maintaining peace and a return to the old international anarchy—every man's hand against his neighbor. We must have no delusion on that point. . . .

The United States has, it is true, held aloof from the obligations of mutual assistance against aggression which the Covenant of the League contains. But the pact for the renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy was the work of an American statesman, Mr. Kellogg, and has been the accepted basis of American policy ever since. A country that violates this pact breaks a treaty which it has solemnly contracted with the United States. And Norman Davis, speaking on behalf of the Roosevelt administration at Geneva, clearly stated, as had Secretary Stimson on behalf of the previous administration, that the United States could not remain indifferent toward such an act, or do anything to impede collective action against it.

* * *

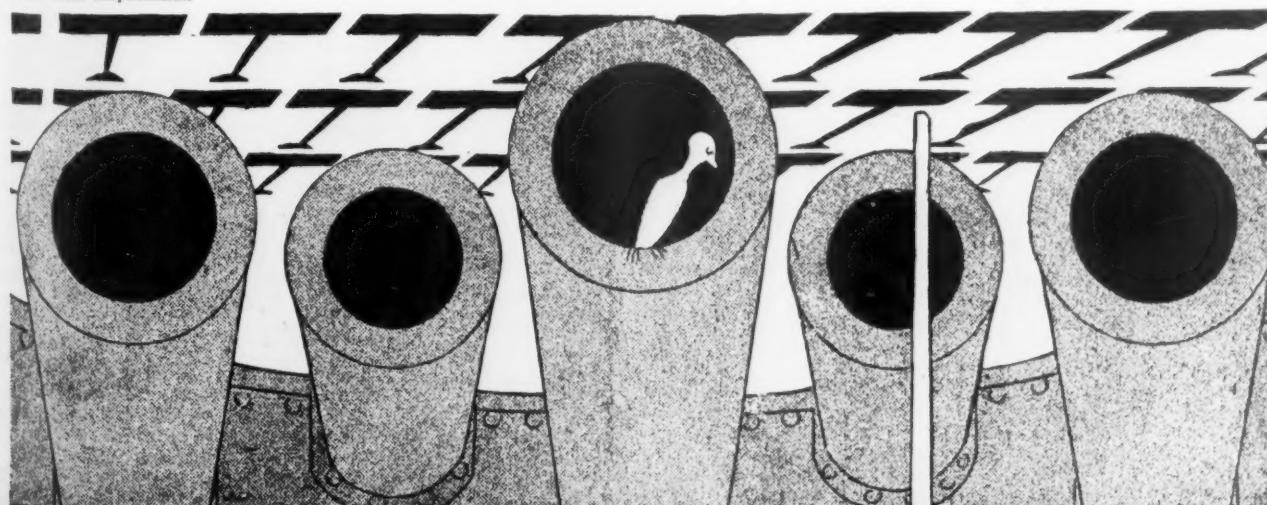
Developments

An Associated Press dispatch of July 2, 1934, from Geneva Switzerland:

President Roosevelt's plan to curb the secret collection of armaments by striking at munitions sources was enthusiastically approved today by a committee of the Disarmament Conference.

Powers represented on the committee investigating manufacture and traffic in arms adopted a plan based on American

Cartoon from Simplicissimus.



suggestions which would bring into the glare of publicity all armaments, whether homemade or imported.

A draft of the proposal will be sent to all governments with a view to incorporation in the general disarmament treaty.

If the project finds eventual universal adoption, as hoped by the committee, every gun and every piece of war material will be registered internationally.

The plan provides for the strictest inspection and supervision.

Under its provisions, adhering nations would undertake to prohibit the manufacture of forbidden arms and traffic in them in excess of limits laid down by a projected general treaty.

Licenses would be required for all manufacturers and exports of arms.

* * *

From "Call to End 'Dividends from Death,'" in The Literary Digest, July 14, 1934.

In the week of the twentieth anniversary of the assassination at Serajevo, Bernard M. Baruch (chairman of the United States War Industries Board in 1918 and 1919) advocated a less drastic method of eliminating profiteering in war time in an address at the graduation exercises of the Army Industrial College. He would have industry, as well as men, share the war burden, and take the profit out of war. His address engaged the attention of the country and gained virtually universal approval at the time the Vandenberg-Nye Senatorial Committee was beginning its investigation of the trade and manufacture of arms and munitions. Investigators were at work in

the State Department and in the War and Navy Departments.

His address was timed well. People still were talking of the exposure of the tremendous profits taken by European and American manufacturers of arms and munitions and of the close coöperation under which they work. President Roosevelt but recently had placed an embargo on the sale of munitions to Bolivia and Paraguay. Denunciation conventions were adopting resolutions against war. Hundreds of ministers had declared that they never again would participate in war. Youth, too, was saying that it would refuse to take up arms.

What Mr. Baruch advocated was "the elimination of profiteering, and, above all, the profit incentive to war." He did not mean the entire extirpation of individual profit, which would be to assert the counsel of perfection. He laid down the familiar proposition that the sacrifices of those who stay at home should be made comparable with the sacrifices of the armed forces in the field. All industry "must be denied the right to indulge in a joy-ride at the expense of the nation." He would "put a ceiling over prices and profits, above which no prices and profits may go. Thereafter, a tax program must be enacted that will take away, in totality, the spread between the selling prices and the costs, plus a reasonable return." That is what he meant by "taking the profit out of war."

* * *

By "A Special Investigator" for the Daily Herald, London labor daily, reprinted in The Living Age, July, 1934.

Who Should Make War Munitions? Private Interests

[Continued from page 15]

demand for armaments; existence of armaments does not make war necessarily.

Men have fought each other ever since the dawn of history when Cain slew Abel. They probably fought even before that against their prehistoric jungle enemies and against each other. In the beginning they made their own weapons, fashioned from stones and clubs, or anything that came handy. They fought with their bare hands and teeth, even as soldiers are known to have done in the trenches during the last war.

As civilization developed, however, war became a more and more serious affair. Clubs, stones, bows-and-arrows, broadswords, spears, muskets, and cannon developed in direct succession. Today men fight with machine guns, poison gas, heavy artillery, aerial bombs, submarines—and, dare one say it in a whisper, with invisible death rays.

It has been said, with good reason, that if there ever is another world war, civilization, as it exists today, will perish

through the terrible armament Frankenstein's of modern science.

Yet the possibility of war still obtains. Supposing the League's Covenant will be rigidly observed by all signatories, there are, nevertheless, several cases outstanding where warfare can be lawfully resorted to. As to the Kellogg Pact: gaps in it are obvious and they are wide. War therefore continues to exist both as a recognized political institution and in practice.

SO-CALLED "defensive warfare" (and in modern times no nation has ever confessed to waging any other kind of war) is not only permitted but is glorified. "Collective warfare," as a means of guaranteeing international peace through concerted action by a majority against a state or minority group of states which have been found to be aggressors, is gradually becoming considered as highly desirable.

It is not only in the realm of aircraft that work is going on at top speed. In all parts of the country, poison gas training is being organized among civilians—at the same time that even more frightful gases are being evolved. For instance, a desperate race by "the best brains in chemistry throughout the world" for a poison gas that will make people lose their sense of balance so that they will not know whether they are walking on their hands or their feet was described by Major H. S. Blackmore, the poison gas expert, to the British Red Cross in London.

"It may sound Wellsian, but it isn't," he said. "If they can find a gas that will destroy the principal function of the ear,—which is not hearing but maintaining our balance—they will have their opponents completely and utterly at their mercy. It will make the whole of our defense useless." Every possible means of achieving this destruction of the ear is being sought by the poison gas chemists, Major Blackmore told the *Daily Herald*.

Shells? Listen to what Sir Robert Hadfield had to say only a few weeks ago about a new ton-weight projectile, which is now being turned out in increased quantities for the British Admiralty and which has been patented in a number of countries: "It was fired at a modern hard-faced armor plate . . . perforated the plate unbroken, and after accomplishing this 'little bit of work' also possessed a remaining velocity sufficient to carry it a further nine miles."

And since war does exist, and probably will continue to be with us in some form or another for generations to come, the natural corollary is that arms will always be needed. And if armaments are necessary, it is clear that someone must furnish them.

All of which brings us to the very heart of the problem.

Why do people want armaments to fight wars? The answer is simple—in order to win.

And what is necessary to assure victory? Again the answer is simple—superiority in death-dealing weapons.

There are those who will argue that numerical superiority in manpower, inherent combativeness and aptitude for fighting of peoples, and other similar factors determine the aggressiveness or defensive strength of nations. History indicates otherwise. So do contemporary events. In Europe today, serious people will tell you that the superior armaments of certain countries alone are responsible

for preservation of peace. Poorly armed powers, no matter how bitter they may feel, hesitate to attack when they know they are likely to be defeated.

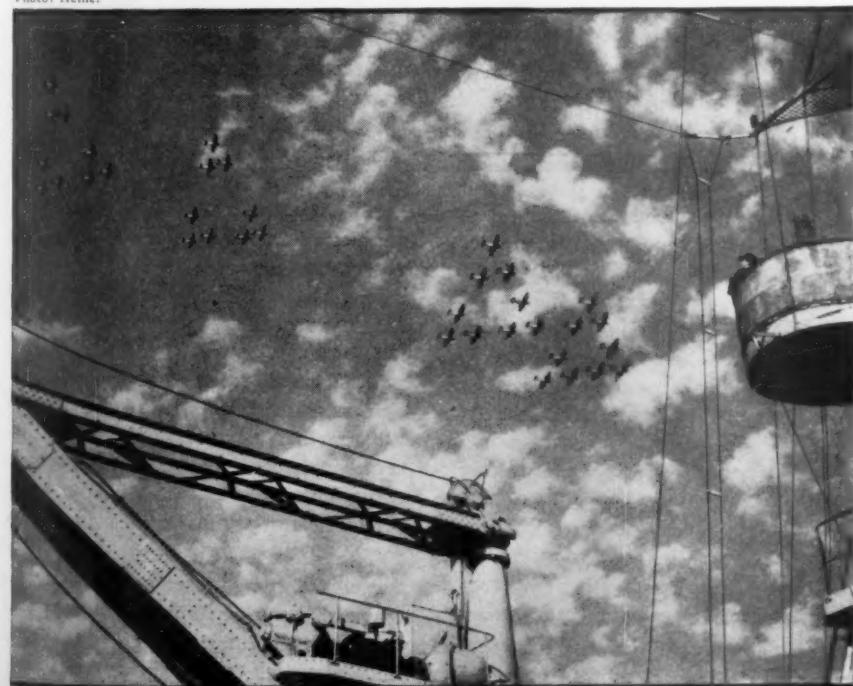
War today is a serious business. It is a business which all sane and thinking men will agree that the world would be much better off without. But since it still persists—and will continue to persist despite all the laudable efforts of idealists—the one way to meet it is with realism. Face facts. Any government, worthy to direct the destinies of its peoples, must not neglect, in the terms of the League Covenant, to preserve their country "against external aggression" and safeguard their "territorial integrity and political independence."

The only way that a government, at the present time, can do this is to be reasonably prepared to defend itself against all menaces—from inside as well as from without. This defense is based upon armed forces. The primary prerequisite of efficient armed forces is superior armaments.

HOW is a country to be sure of having superior arms? Either through private or government manufacture. Private manufacture, be it of implements of war or of peace, has always resulted, because of the play of free competition and economic rivalries, in the nearest approach to perfection possible in production.

Government operation, be it of railways, posts, hospitals, theaters, or other public or quasi-public endeavors, usually has resulted in inferiority or has been proved economically unsound and ex-

Photo: Acme.



tremely costly. In manufacture of armaments there can be no question but that private enterprise produces much more perfect articles than do governmental arsenals, shipyards, and factories.

It is not necessary, nor desirable, to digress into the relative advantages of Capitalism over Socialism. The reader will base his viewpoint upon personal economic beliefs or political preference. But if we stick to facts we must admit that it has been Capitalism, or private and individual initiative, and the "profits system," that has brought our standard of living up to its present high position. We must also, for the sake of truthfulness, admit that there are defects inherent in the moral, economic, financial, and political systems under which we live.

Yet despite the fact that our economic and financial system seems out of gear, the world is unwilling to step back into the Middle Ages. It will not abandon the train, airplane, and motor car for the stagecoach and footpath. The looms of Manchester cannot stop spinning just because they can do with three men what it took thousands of our grandmothers to do on the spinning wheel and hand loom.

Nor will the people who are responsible for the national defense of their countries—be they legislators or generals or admirals—abandon the weapons they have at their command until something better, and more certain to preserve peace, has been devised. That probably will not be until the millennium or Utopia has drawn perceptibly nearer. In a world where it still takes Might to insure Right, whether it be in the hands of village policemen or of an army, we cannot expect

citizens of a community, or populations of a nation, to step backward.

Efficiency must be maintained in armaments—so long as armaments are needed—at all costs. The same is true in all lines of human endeavor.

In advocating manufacture of arms by private interests one does not have to pose as a defender of all those who have been engaged in the business, nor the acts of some of those who even now are engaged in the industry. In every walk of life there are those who seek, for the sake of profits, to stimulate their particular businesses by creating demand. There are "legitimate" and "illegitimate" stimulations. There are industries in which it is ethical and right to create markets, and others where it is desirable only to supply indispensable demands. The arms traffic should be classed among the latter.

SCANDALS have existed in the arms industry. But even greater scandals have existed, and continue to exist, in other so-called "peace industries." Who will deny that commercial rivalries for markets did not play an important part in precipitating the World War? Who dares deny that economic expansion is not today responsible for a great deal of the political tenseness which exists both in Europe and the Far East? Was it not the "boy-cott" of peace products that brought the Japanese armies into Shanghai? Is it not an international fight over oil and petroleum deposits that helps keep the Chaco in turmoil? The methods of commerce and industry in all realms are open to criticism and need reforming.

And—few people who pretend to know, will contend that there is less graft and corruption in politics than there is in industry. In fact it has been largely because of corruptness in politics that crookedness has crept into private industry which has dealings with governments.

One argument is repeatedly advanced against government monopolies in arms manufacture. It is that today less than twenty nations can be classed as arms producers. The other fifty-odd nations of the world have to obtain their armaments from these countries. Their defense—both of internal order and against ex-

"Nor will the people who are responsible for the national defense of their countries . . . abandon the weapons they have at their command until something better, and more certain to preserve peace, has been devised."

ternal menace—is dependent upon their ability to import.

Private business, honestly conducted, plays no favorites when it operates under international economic and commercial procedure as recognized by all governments. Consequently the only test of a nation's ability to arm itself is its ability to buy, and to pay for what it buys.

Since governments are swayed by national emotions, traditions, prejudices, and political expediencies, non-arms producing countries more or less rightfully contend that they would be at the mercy of shifting and fickle political forces and factors if manufacture of armaments were vested solely in governments. Their only alternative would be to establish their own national armaments factories.

If every country in the world had to build and operate its own factories, it would mean sixty groups of arms-producing industries instead of fifteen or twenty. In peacetime, most national factories would have to be operated at a heavy loss in order to keep them prepared for times of emergency. And, being operated at a loss, there would always be the temptation to seek foreign markets to reduce these losses.

There is absolutely no reason to believe that the transforming of existing arms industries from privately-owned to government-operated concerns would remedy existing evils or reduce the quantities of arms now being produced. On the other hand, it is almost certain that new factories would be established, uneconomic national industries would be developed, drains on national budgets would increase, dangers of conflict would be multiplied, and the discrepancy in qualities of existing armaments would widen.

THREE is another illustration I would like to make, which it seems to me applies to the arms-manufacture question.

The governments of the world, through the League and by international treaties, have agreed that unrestricted production of habit-forming narcotics is a menace to civilization. International coöperation has been established to combat the evil.

Narcotics are produced by private industry. The big chemical and pharmaceutical factories of Switzerland, Germany, France, England, Holland, Italy, the United States, and Japan manufacture morphine, cocaine, heroin, codeine, etc. There was a time when the products of these factories threatened to flood the world. Many times more than the amounts necessary for the "medical and scientific needs" of the world were produced. It got into the illicit traffic. Thou-

sands upon thousands of human beings were being made into narcotic addicts.

When the various governments met to discuss the problem there was, oddly enough, scarcely a single one who proposed that governments should go into the drug producing business, or that the manufacture of narcotics should be a government monopoly. What they did suggest—and agreed upon—was that there should be a strict control over production and distribution. The solution has proved satisfactory.

In the narcotics production and armaments manufacture there appear similarities. Narcotics—especially heroin and cocaine—are side-issues with the big pharmaceutical firms. They represent but a fraction of their commodity output. Armaments, except in the case perhaps of Skoda Works, are a mere fraction of the total products of the big so-called armaments works. Schneider-Creusot, Hotchkiss, Vickers-Armstrong, Krupps, Bofors, Bethlehem Steel, Mitsui, and

manufacture, and facing facts would solve the much over-hyped evils of uncontrolled and unrestricted arms production.

When a drug peddler is caught, or a bootleg narcotic factory is discovered, they are dealt with summarily. Why cannot equally drastic punishment be visited upon those who "bribe government officials," who "foment war scares," who "disseminate false reports and endanger peace," etc. All these activities are considered unlawful in most countries, and are punishable.

HUMANIZING war does not solve anything. It does not necessarily make war more pleasant or desirable. During the World War, so-called "atrocities" were constantly reported to arouse peoples against each other. But to the soldier in the trenches it did not make a great deal of difference whether he kept his "rendezvous with death" as a result of having his entrails blown out by a hand grenade in a silent night raid across no-man's land, or his throat slashed with a trench knife. The latter was classed as an "atrocity."

At Geneva, statesmen talk about outlawing poison gas warfare. They would forbid bombardment from the air—perhaps because it endangers those who sit safely at home in parliaments and tell the soldiers at the front what they must do. They would prohibit starvation blockades and submarine activities because it affects the non-combatant populations, such as themselves.

The truth is that nowadays warfare has become totalitarian to use an expression dear to all dictatorships. Once it has broken out it will curb to its own purpose in every country all conceivable activities of men, and even in peacetime preparations are required which bear witness to the same trend. The effective value of regular weapons can be seen to depend more and more upon manpower, the productive capacity of industry, the moral strength of the population, an independent supply of food and raw materials, the command of the high seas. Considered in themselves, apart from all other positive or negative elements at their back, the regular weapons cut a rather modest figure except, perhaps, on the improbable assumption that hostilities will not outlast a few days or weeks.

The problem, therefore, can not be usefully dealt with except as a whole. To single out one of its factors and neglect the rest is to plunge into an unreal world and to pander to popular prejudice.

The League of Nations

It faces a crisis; why?

What has it achieved?

What can it do to promote peace?

Will it eventually succeed?

The Rotarian has asked two distinguished public men to discuss these and other questions relating to the League of Nations. They are:

JOSEPH A. AVENOL—secretary-general of the League of Nations.

W. R. CASTLE, JR.—former assistant secretary of state of the United States.

Their statements, *pro and con*, will appear in the September *Rotarian*, just prior to the assembling at Geneva of the League of Nations.

other firms produce everything from razor blades to typewriters, sewing machines, and automobiles. They have a thousand-and-one commodities which they produce and from which they make their profits. Their armaments factories are kept going in peacetime largely because of government demands for "preparedness in peace for time of war." It is true that they make huge profits in war-times. But what industries do not. Textile mills, mining industries, automobile factories, farmers—in fact everyone—finds business good when fighting men are destroying wealth on the battlefield.

Why is it not logical to "control" the arms traffic. Honest control, publicity in

Is War Inevitable?

Yes—B.W. Lewis

THE only way to read the future is from the bloody pages of the past. The only foresight granted our mortal minds is from the brilliant clarity of hindsight. May I interpret Rotary's Sixth Object—"the advancement of understanding, goodwill, and international peace"—not as a beautiful ideal of the future, but in terms of what we have learned from the bitterest and truest of all teachers: *Experience?*

War is, and has always been, a glamorous and glorious experience. So much has been said of its brutality, its pain and agony, its destructive horrors and awful waste of human life, that we forget, when the excitement is past, that it is an ennobling experience.

War is the most enormous and unforgivable of human follies, yet it is the richest and deepest experience that comes to man. It lifts him up to a new nobility of character.

War is inevitable. It springs from selfishness and greed. It is born of the necessity for conflict—for man is born to fight nature, to fight wild beasts, to fight disease, to fight for food, to fight other men. Life is a ceaseless conflict.

Fighting brought us from the trees and caves of our primitive ancestors to the Empire State Building, from a floating log to the *Bremen*, from a drum to the symphony orchestra, from bare feet to the liner of the skies, from worms and raw meat to the banquet table. When conflict ceases, progress stops.

After every war for seven thousand years, mankind, sick, weary, and exhausted by its horrors, has said, "Never again. Never again shall we commit such hideous folly." Yet every generation has had to do it all over again, to be born again in the travail of war.

The "war to end war" left behind it more fertile and desperate causes for armed conflict than any war ever fought. National jealousies are more bitter than ever. Nothing was settled; every cause of the "first World War" is still with us. We have the same conflicting national rivalries in commerce, more acute than ever. We have the clash of expanding national populations which must have room and will get it at whatever the cost. Diplomacy is still the same incomprehensible poker game it always was. There will always be new causes for war.

Men forget. War is still a glamorous

Excerpts from a debate between El Paso (Texas) Rotarians on the timely question: "Is Rotary's Sixth Object Only a 'Pious Wish'?" It is typical of many local-talent, thought-stirring club programs.

and thrilling experience for youth—who have never seen it and who can't be told. Their fathers and grandfathers were soldiers. They await their turn. A flag and a fife and a drum and the tread of marching feet—and away they go to kill, to maim, to strangle with gas, to carve out the bowels of other men with a bayonet. It is a gloomy picture, this inevitability of war, but we can not escape it.

Peace lacks the surge and drama of war. War is dynamic; peace is static. War welds a nation into one. In peace, the thrill is gone. Philosophers have sought in vain for a "moral equivalent" to war. There is none, or it would have been found long, long ago.

I believe that in some final, insane conflict, more terrible than anything we can now imagine, the human race will destroy itself. I have no hope, no belief, no proof, that it will be otherwise.

Perhaps Rotary can help postpone that day. I am sure it can not prevent it.

No—Martin Zielonka

I AM glad that Rotarian Lewis has presented his viewpoint. I do not agree with his logic, but with the French philosopher I say that I would fight that he have the right to present it.

He tells us that there is no "moral equivalent" for war, that all heroics belong to conflict. The trouble is that the other heroics are as yet unorganized. When the fireman rushes into a burning building and brings out a woman or child that has fainted, is he not a hero? If your son jumps into a river and saves someone from drowning, is he not a hero? When a physician enters a plague-infested district and ministers to the sick while seeking a permanent cure, is he not a hero—just as much as a brave soldier in battle?

The difference, of course, is that the heroes of peace are not welcomed with brass bands and cheering crowds. But that is *our* fault. Certainly there is no lack of heroism in peace times—nor opportunity for it. Read Paul de Kruif's *The Microbe Hunters*. It is as thrilling a tale as any story of battle.

Nor can we subscribe to the theory that progress and prosperity follow war. You can't kill off young men without paying

the price; you can't carry on propaganda of hatred without reaping the result after the armistice; you can't remove moral and family props without reducing the resistance of individuals. And yet of such are progress and sound prosperity made.

Think of the 9,998,771 soldiers killed in battle during the World War; of the 20,297,551 wounded, many of whom died of their wounds; of the 9,000,000 orphaned children; of the 5,000,000 women made widows. Those who died were our bravest and best; cripples and dullards are not sent to war.

And consider the cost in money. It has been estimated that what the World War cost the United States in *any one day* could have built: twenty \$100,000 high schools; thirty \$40,000 grade schools; ten \$100,000 churches; and forty \$35,000 play centers.

War is destructive—terribly so. The progress that *may* follow a war is not a tribute to war, but rather to the ability of men to re-adjust themselves. Progress is constructive, but war is its antithesis.

Addison said, "Whatever is—is good." But my opponent would say, "Whatever was—must continue to be, from now to eternity." I cannot accept such a philosophy of life.

The law of the jungle prevails in nature. A codfish, we are told, spawns a million eggs, only a scant dozen of which reach maturity and a Boston breakfast table. Coyotes prey on rabbits and are, in turn, preyed upon by stronger carnivora. True, but it is given to man to amend the law of the jungle. Animals adjust themselves to environment or they perish; man alone is able to adjust nature to his needs.

When winter comes, the mallard leaves the Far North and flies to warmer climes—or it dies. But man has learned to overcome the cold with fire. He controls the summer heat in his home. He turns night into day by making the force of electricity his servant.

Just as we are learning to control our physical environment, so shall we our social. Every argument for war among nations is an argument for individuals to carry a gun; we have outlawed the latter, and we shall outlaw the former.

That is what the Sixth Object of Rotary means. It will take time—but it is inevitable.

The Amazing Electric Eye

[Continued from page 24]

But if a black bean appears, then the light falling upon the caesium target inside the tube is much diminished, causing a change in the electric current and thereby instantly actuating a metal finger which reaches out and flicks the bean down a chute. One hundred electric eyes watch the beans in one plant alone, and they are able to sort approximately 40,000 pounds of beans daily.

In handling this chore, the phototube is aided by the Thyratron tube, a par-

upon the water gushes up to meet the mouth, having been turned on when the head came between an electric eye and a light trained upon it. Mail sacks, riding upon a conveyor, are thrown off at the proper loading platform, correctly picked out from half a dozen platforms by careful electric eyes. Automobiles approach garages where electric eyes stand duty and the garage doors swing open just in time to allow the car to enter without stopping.



Photo: Ralph Morgan, Newark, N. J.

Music by telegraph! Alexander Berne, musician and Rotary club president, is here shown in his home town, Newark, N.J., before a Western Union telegraph typewriter "playing" chimes at the Chicago World's Fair, 1,000 miles away.

ticularly useful member of the electronic tube contingent. This tube, as well as several others of the family, developed from a basic discovery made by Edison during his early work with incandescent lamps, had its actual birthplace in the research laboratory of the General Electric Company, an institution which has earned for itself the popular name of "House of Magic."

Electric eye "miracles" are increasing rather than diminishing. Already in certain restaurants one can see the door leading to the kitchen swing open as a waitress bearing a tray of dishes approaches. It does seem miraculous until it is explained that the waitress simply walked between a phototube and a small electric light focused upon the tube, thus intercepting the light falling upon the sensitive electric eye. Electricity did the rest.

To drink from certain water bubblers one has only to bend the head, where-

upon the water gushes up to meet the mouth, having been turned on when the head came between an electric eye and a light trained upon it. Mail sacks, riding upon a conveyor, are thrown off at the proper loading platform, correctly picked out from half a dozen platforms by careful electric eyes. Automobiles approach garages where electric eyes stand duty and the garage doors swing open just in time to allow the car to enter without stopping.

and in one of the General Electric laboratories there is a delicate instrument, known as a photoelectric recorder which detects and records errors of one-millionth of an inch! If the page of a book could be split edgewise a thousand times, the superfine task of determining the thickness of those gossamer tissues would be no more delicate than measurements now readily made with this device. Other electric eyes are helping to subdue insect pests, operate railroad draw bridges, and, in one plant, cut down the spoilage of enameled ware which could not be touched by anything heavier than a beam of light without marring the fresh enamel.

BUT it is in the monotonous business of counting that the versatile and valuable phototube has become of particular assistance to human dispositions. To count objects, even for a limited time, is eye and nerve straining; and, after a while, human fallibility becomes a source of recurrent errors. The electric eye, however, never misses and never tires. All day it will count parts traveling past it on a conveyor, giving a perfect record for the computation of piece-work wages; or with equal certainty it will count materials going into a machine and thereby reduce waste to the vanishing point.

Dr. Willis R. Whitney, vice-president of General Electric in charge of research, has characterized the phototube as "a painless process of saving time." It has, he says, great advantages "in the meander services of seeing"; and he adds: "We need to sleep and we repeatedly wink, and thus miss something. But the phototube neither sleeps nor winks. Moreover, it may be made much more accurate and sensitive than the eye of man. . . . It 'sees' in ranges of what we call 'color,' entirely outside our human range. It sees ultra-violet, infra-red, and X-rays. It is relatively a new tool, and we may expect great improvements upon it and many applications of it."

To Dr. Whitney, the electric eye stands as a symbol of the eternal human necessity of devising entirely new things. "Otherwise," he concludes, "some more fitting form of life, perhaps insects or their equivalents, may develop upon the earth, to take our places."

But the electric eye is here—one factor, albeit a significant factor, in a new period of modern civilization. And if human ingenuity continues, the human race need scarcely fear that it will be supplanted on the planet.

Putting Begins at Home

[Continued from page 21]

I fear. Yet it is such qualities that help make a golfer great. And when you read or hear of Walter J. Travis remember him as a man who became a great golfer after he was thirty-five because he left as little as possible to chance.

Confidence aids control. That is a good golfing maxim. But perhaps you ask how the average golfer can beget confidence? With some people in golf, as well as in other activities, it seems to come naturally. But for most of us, I suspect we must build it up from a thorough understanding of some one or more phases of the game, just as did Travis. Anyone can make putting his ace-in-the-hole by patient practice. And it is surprising how often a few inches on the green will overcome the advantage of yards on the fairway.

TWO of the greatest golfers of their time were Chick Evans and Harry Vardon. They were almost perfect from tee to green, but once on the soft grass their troubles began. They had their days when they could do the almost miraculous on the green, but on the whole they were mediocre putters. Why? My own opinion is that neither Evans nor Vardon developed a sound putting stroke. Frequent discouraging failures deprived them of the essential confidence with the result that they did not stick to one technique but frequently shifted. Each putt might bring out one of several methods. I think they would have done better had they held to one method and let it go at that.

It is not easy, I know, to go along missing hole-able putts without making some effort to correct the fault with a new style. Usually, when asked for a tip in overcoming green trouble, I suggest a change in putters instead of trying to learn an entirely new stroke. Not long ago almost every player carried two putters in his bag. If one didn't deliver, then he would try the other. Sometimes this worked out well, but there is a danger in this. Nine times out of ten, I would say ninety-nine out of a hundred, missed putts are not the fault of the putting implement so much as the stroke itself.

It is important to learn the best style at the outset, and then have few bad habits to unlearn. A hasty stab at the ball will spoil any putt. Lifting the head is another common fault. There are others. The best putters are those who hit the ball firmly with a smooth stroke. This requires taking the putter head back slow-

ly, thereby eliminating the jerk. The ball then rolls steadily and is less likely to waver or wobble.

One nice thing about developing a putting game is that you don't have to go to the links to practice. There are plenty of home-made contrivances and several on the market that offer all sorts of competition just short of the game itself. But one need not go to that trouble. A few chairs removed from the line of the intended putt in your own home, and you are ready for practice!

There is, of course, a vast difference between the topography of your dining-room rug and putting green with its undulations, but the ball and the club and you are the same so that three of four factors are constant for your experiment. One advantage about home putting practice is that odd moments of time can be used in the evening which, in the aggregate, enable one to perfect a putting style to take to the links.

If you are one of the uncounted golfers who have that uncontrolled impulse to lift your head as the putter hits the ball to see it glide over the green, try to overcome it. Think of the putts that are topped and the games that are lost from this cause alone. Think through what lifting the head does and you will see, for example, that it destroys timing and unbalances your judgment of speed and distance. If golfers afflicted with this malady would only realize afresh, as they practice, their anger and embarrassment when the ball is flubbed, surely they would dig in and develop a remedy. It can be done.

In the actual stroke, the putter should finish low. You do not need to lift the ball, you know, but merely send it along the ground smoothly. To do this, you must follow through with the clubhead. Adopt a firm left-hand grip and allow the left wrist and arm to move forward as the ball is struck.

Never concede a putt. That may not sound like sportsmanlike advice, but if every golfer were to adopt it I think the game would be the better for it. There is too much conceding of putts, surely some of which, in tense moments of competition, would be missed if played out. When Jerome D. Travers was the outstanding American amateur golfer, he once remarked that of all strokes, putting was the most important because it won matches and assisted in low scoring. That is true today as it was then. So many



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little putts have been lost that I believe it would be a good idea for players in match competition to have an understanding before hand that there are to be no concessions of any kind, regardless of how close the ball may be to the cup.

One conceded putt, which stands out in my memory, came in the final match I played against Henry Topping in the French amateur championship of 1914. I was three up and four to play, and my ball was four feet from the cup in three. Topping had played four and his ball was two or three inches from the hole. Of course my four-footer meant the hole and the match. However, just before I stooped to try for it, Topping reached over and knocked my ball away and thus conceded

the match. It was a sporting thing to do, but it is more than likely that putt would have been missed for it was a rolling one.

After all, it is in the short putts that skill counts most. Everyone holes a putt sometime from the edge of the green, but there is a decided element of luck in that. It is the three, four, and six-foot putts that are vitally important in lopping off that one or two from your score. Travers was unexcelled in these distances, and towards the end of his career when he had lost practically all of his skill with the wooden clubs, it was his uncanny putting that won matches for him time after time. Often a wild tee shot can be offset by a fine putt, or a shot that winds up in a trap can be made up by a skillful

bit of putting. And nothing is so discouraging, after two fine shots, than fumbling on the green.

Gene Sarazen feels that too great a premium is placed on putting and too little on iron play. There may be some merit in what he says, but I believe that instead of having a large-size cup as he suggests, the green could be made smaller. This would not only place a premium on a fine iron shot but also on the chip shot. But this is simply my own opinion. The game is as it is, and so long as it is so, putting is important. And being so, the old adage is of tremendous importance to the man who would trim his golf score by better green play: *practice makes perfect.*

What Is the Promise of Modern Life?

[Continued from page 8]

best from the three eras of the past. His family must, he decided, be near enough to a Wilderness that escape into it would be an easy matter of a few miles and a few minutes.

Next, the immediate setting for the new home must be Rural—but not too rural. They were not going-back-to-the-soil. They wanted spaciousness, trees, and land—but a land that would not mire them down in monotonous manual labor. They must have highways, mail service, and public utilities.

Finally, they must be near a modern Community. A suburb, a "motor slum," a mere pleasant bedroom for city workers, would not answer. They wanted to get outside the political bounds of the rapacious metropolis, into a self-assertive, self-conscious, well-balanced, decently-governed community.

And so, these conditions in mind, Robert and his wife made a careful study of the satellite towns surrounding the city. The one they selected, and to which they have belonged for almost three years now gives, they believe, a prophetic outline of what America is to become.

ITS population is about forty thousand. There are four industrial plants, all with a national market. These enterprises give a foundation, a tone, and a balance to the town that simply is not present in the purely residential suburb. The workmen, in normal times, can live up to a better standard than their brethren in the big city; while the plants enjoy the economies of cheaper land, lower taxes and insurance rates, and a more stable labor force.

The town has a number of minor en-

terprises—pottery, tiles, glassware, etc. Surrounding is a rich agricultural hinterland, with a varied output—vegetables, dairy products, fruits, and some grain. There are fine schools, from John Dewey kindergartens to a junior college and a technical institute. The community theater is one of the most active and successful in the country. There are two intelligently edited, progressive newspapers. The cultural advantages of the metropolis are within an hour's drive by automobile, a half hour by fast electric.

Robert is proud of his adopted Community, but he is not blind. He says, "Don't believe for a minute that we're so thick that we fancy our burg has none of that respectability and smugness that irritate the big-town critics. Bohemian sophisticates wouldn't feel very much at home with us. But for the ninety and nine, this is a better headquarters for almost anything we want to do—dance, play golf, motor, eat out, relax, study, read, enjoy the arts, go to the movies, or meet our friends. And it's easier on the pocket book and the nerves."

The Grades' new home is the semi-rural, semi-urban environment they desired. Its cost, even at early 1930 prices, was less considerably than that of the co-operative apartment they were buying in town. Their Homestead is a four-acre tract, the house-and-garden corner of an old farm. The district is neither "exclusive" nor "restricted." They did not buy for speculation. Their neighbor on the east is a wealthy manufacturer with a twenty-acre estate; on the west is a wide truck and berry patch, cultivated by a family of Japanese. North, the land slopes up to a low range of timbered

hills—the Wilderness. South, the town begins; one looks out over it from the front gate.

THE house, built on the site of the old farm dwelling, is modern without being painfully *moderne*. A two-story structure of steel, concrete, and glass, it was designed for utility, comfort, and health. With more window than wall space, severe and geometric in line, it is set down in a stand of fine old trees, sumac, wild rose, and lilac bushes.

Each member of the household has his "castle"—a small snug suite—sitting room, sleeping alcove, and bath. There is roominess only in the general living quarters downstairs. Air is circulated and automatically conditioned at all seasons. Electric gadgets simplify every household operation. The house might be called Wife's Wish.

Such then, in briefest outline, is the Grades' background for living—Community, Homestead, and Wilderness. It is far removed from the future that many prophets have been insisting on—the disorganized family, the barrack-like living quarters, the socialized kitchens and mess halls, the delegated care and education of the children, the general subjugation of the Individual to Communal activity and need.

Robert Grade believes in his own experiment to such an extent that he has taken an active part in a local "great straddle" movement. A realtor, cooperating with two of the industrial plants, and a committee of citizens, has improved a 200-acre tract. The land is being sold in plots, not smaller than an acre, to plant employees. The purchasers

are being financed so that they can build a house and start a small farm. The Straddle—one foot in industry, the other on the land. And Robert vigorously champions the movement.

"Whether a man has one acre, or four, as we have; or twenty, like our millionaire neighbor, he has some chance for privacy and expression; he doesn't live the goldfish life: he has property, with the rights and responsibilities that go with it; he has a base for a decent family and social life. Yes sir!"

What sort of life is possible about this home of the future? Do not the leisure and comparative isolation come to pall? The Grades answer—NO!

It is morning of one of Robert's days away from the city. The boys are at school. The urge to run off to the Wilderness nibbles the elder souls. Robert and his wife may drive or take their two horses. (They picked up a couple of tolerable beasts at twenty-five dollars a head; and there is pasturage back of the house most of the year.)

FIYE miles from their door, they are in the forest where they have a three-room log cabin. It cost them sixty dollars and a hundred more put it in good condition. It welcomes them at all seasons. The boys, with their friends, make it a regular week-end headquarters.

Or—if he is not going to business or into the hills, Robert may confer with "Dad." He is the man of all work about the place. He is a widower in sound health. The machine age found him obsolete at forty-seven and he had some bitter years before the Grades took him in. He has a cottage on a corner of the place; he gets board and fuel. He is ready for any task, though his principal duties are with the grounds and gardens. With help from Robert and the boys, he raises vegetables, cares for the orchard and berries, keeps a pen of chickens, some rabbits, and two goats. Mrs. Grade pays him wholesale market prices for all that the family uses so that he has sufficient cash for his simple needs. Surpluses are either cured or dried, or Dad sells them in town.

Or again—Robert may fraternize on the golf links, the tennis courts, beside a fishing stream in the hills with one of the many new friends he has had time to make.

Or—he may stay at home to play his hobby. When he was in college, the only courses, outside those promising to have practical value, that interested him were some he took in biology. He even saved the dimes to buy himself a microscope.



Partridge Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri, was paved with a $1\frac{1}{2}$ binder and a $1\frac{1}{2}$ wearing surface of sheet asphalt pavement 17 years ago. Although a bus line operated over it from 1926 to 1934, it is still in fine condition today. Stanolind Paving Asphalt Cement was used—a product of the Standard Oil Company (Indiana).

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The view above shows heavy traffic on Michigan Avenue, Chicago . . . This boulevard is surfaced with Stanolind Cut-Back Asphalt pavement.

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At the Homestead, he has dusted off the instrument, added new lenses, condensers, etc. He and the boys have put up a small "lab": and this spring, I found them fixing up a pond that will be home to all sorts of creeping, crawling, slimy life. Robert has introduced himself to a young professor of zoology at the local scientific institute and the two have become laboratory cronies.

Robert declared to me recently, "For a fact, I'm telling you, I wouldn't trade microscopy for a fifty-point rise on all the shriveled stocks in my safe-deposit box."

Robert and Mrs. Grade have tried to avoid being self-conscious poseurs, throwing themselves at "the arts." Robert admits the poverty and vulgarity of his background and tastes in these matters. Painting and refined literature seem to say very little to him; they even annoy him. But his interest in biography, science, and contemporary affairs is sincere and enthusiastic. He says he has had more time for reading in the past three years than in all his previous post-college life.

He and his wife do share a fondness for symphonic and chamber music; they get it over the radio, on trips to concerts in the city, and from their growing collection of phonograph albums.

Mrs. Grade reads avidly and intelligently of the new fiction and has been giving bi-monthly reviews for a local bookstore. The Community Theater has produced two of her plays for a run of children's matinees. The care of her house has been so simplified that it is not burdensome and she has the time and energy for hill-side botanizing and for entertaining. She is a gracious and lively

hostess; Robert a stimulating but comfortable host: an evening or a week-end at their home is anything but a stuffy boresome ordeal.

Their two boys are probably the greatest beneficiaries of the move from the city. They have a wide freedom, without license; they have a fine class of companions; they have work and chores about the place; they are having the pleasure and discipline of an intimate contact with soil, rocks, animals, vegetation, hill, valley, and forest. They have the space and facilities to entertain their young friends. Robert has had the chance to get acquainted with them and play a part in their development. They are getting something that institutions can't provide.

PERHAPS the most amazing thing about it all has been the change in Robert Grade's appreciations and point of view. His mental life, after years of gathering rust and barnacles in port, has embarked on fresh voyages. He has recovered completely from his sneering shyness of individual singularity. He no longer expects every human being to be cast in the same mold. He courts reverie rather than scoffs at it.

He has said to me such a thing as this: "I've found when the best wine of all is served—it comes after work, after play and after social intercourse. You have to be alone to drink it. And its bouquet and flavor are best out-of-doors. Maybe if I had more sympathy with poetry I could tell you what I mean."

I have found him, somewhat timidly at first, but genuinely alive to all sorts of new things—the savory earth, the vast

nowheres of the sky, the gaily indifferent and arbitrary ways of weather, morning sun on wet grass, the sombre faces of the horses, the crackle of dry leaves under his rake. I have come upon him engaged in activities that would have made him laugh a few years ago—pruning fruit trees, transplanting seedlings from a flat, milking a nanny goat, handling a cultivator, picking a chicken, sitting in as a member of the Civic Concerts Committee, addressing a political rally, on his hands and knees blowing life into a camp fire.

The essence of the whole matter is that the Robert Grades have hit on an adjustment that gives them life more abundantly. Their experiment does indeed seem indicative of what more and more people are going to demand for themselves in this country. Increasingly they are going to be discontented with the tenuous, limited, steel-embalmed, ant-like existence of job-slaves in a congested metropolis. But they are not going to repudiate the city entirely and flee back to nature; and they are not, if they can help it, going to embrace the grinding, confining escape called back to the soil. They are going to pioneer in new directions, because the means and tools are at hand. They are going to find a synthesis of three environments. That is the direction, the promise of Modern Life.

The Grades have sampled that promise and acclaim it good. In their setting—Wilderness, Homestead and Community—are opportunities for the functioning of the primitive, the domestic, and the social human being. There is a chance for balance, completeness, versatility, harmony, and happiness.

Unpaid Taxes Build a City Hall

[Continued from page 31]

owner of the Santa Barbara Arlington.

Managers of the two local banks, Rotarians W. E. Havekorst and Ray Swanson, each contributed valuable vault doors for use in the office of the city clerk. Various civic organizations have voted funds to be used to buy additional equipment for the building.

It required some juggling to finance the unemployed men who were eager to have their tax bills struck off the list, but who must eat while working out their taxes, and, furthermore, feed a family. But Mayor Baker proved to be an expert juggler. A number of merchants owed delinquent taxes and they furnished the men with food, who found it necessary

to use part of their salary in this manner. Thus the Brawley merchants worked out their back taxes.

The juggling took on complicated forms. In one instance, the owner of a store building owed a large sum of taxes, the man who rented the store owed his landlord six months' rent, and twenty laborers owed the storekeeper. Like the old lady who couldn't get her pig over the stile, and who persuaded fire to burn stick, stick to hit pig, and pig to jump over the stile so she could get home that night, Mayor Baker persuaded the groceryman to credit the twenty laborers' accounts the amount of their work, the store owner to credit the groceryman for his six months' rent, and the city to credit

the store owner for his delinquent tax bill. Everyone involved in the transaction was pleased.

The new city hall is a substantial building, patterned after the type of architecture developed by the Mission padres. In every respect the building is typically Californian, from the three feet wide adobe walls, Missionesque arches, red tiled roof, to its setting on the public plaza.

And there it stands today in its sturdy simplicity, a monument to the enterprise and ingenuity of the community, a monument as enduring as the old Spanish missions which remind present-day Californians of the indomitable will and vision of the state's earliest pioneers.

Holy Smoke

[Continued from page 11]

tumble him over. I'm responsible for what you do now—only don't be afraid."

Back we went to camp. The crowd in the Council Ring was a very bedlam. I stood up on a bench and shouted: "Sit down!" Some did and some didn't. I held up the Indian war club, gorgeously decorated and fringed with a scalp. There was a pause as all looked in curiosity. That was what I wanted. I introduced my Dog Soldiers and explained what they were for.

"We are going to have a good time here, with all the horseplay you like; but it must be done with due regard for law and order."

One big fellow made a sneering remark.

"Yow, yow!" I yelled, slapping my thigh twice. Up jumped two Dog Soldiers.

"Now," I said to the scoffer, "you shut up or I'll turn them loose on you."

The Dog Soldiers were just spoiling to act. But the sneerer shut up, so I said: "We'll let you go this time, but you better take the warning."

He did, and so did the crowd. There was no more interruption, that is, of a disagreeable kind.

I put on a program of athletic sports, taught them new games like the One-legged Chicken Fight, the Battle Royal, Step on the Rattler, Buzz, and Tub-tilting; with an inscribed card-token of victory for the champion in each game. All the games were physical, and in most cases were combats. I knew that I was safe in adhering to such a program with such a crowd.

At last when I found that I had them thoroughly in hand, I said: "Now, would you like to do an Indian dance?"

"You bet!"

The Boy Speaks

YOU say that we are wild and hellward bent
And laws of the land we seem to resent;

Ways to condemn us you're trying to find;

We're criticised, vilified, slandered,
maligned

By men, who if called to cast the first stone
Would hide guilty faces and sneak off
alone.

You've mapped out our course, the way we
should go,

And told us the things you think we
should know;

But how can we go like men as you say
Unless there's a man to show us the way?

So I picked out a dozen, and gave them the simplest form of step and war dance. I supplied the music myself to drum accompaniment.

It went far better than I could have hoped. So I ventured another step into the aesthetic.

"Can any of you fellows sing? We are going to give a prize for the best singer."

One or two tried and did not do badly. But the greatest surprise was now offered by the Dog Soldiers.

"Say, mister, us fellers can sing a sailor song."

Out they came, the five, and formed a circle facing in. They began a rude chantey that they had learned in real life, stamping their feet and hauling an imaginary rope in unison. The effect was fine, and it furnished our climax. The victory of my method was complete. All were playing the game with enthusiasm.

The program of our Woodcraft Indian Council Ring was for the thousandth time proven a compelling success; for it is so natural that all must respond, so perfectly mechanized that anyone can work it,—a complete illustration of "Where you are, with what you have, right now."

Everyone seemed absolutely happy. My Rotarian friends were beaming with joy and pride, each seemed to feel that the success belonged especially to himself.

There was only one somewhat disappointed group—the Dog Soldiers—disappointed because they did not get a chance to act their part to the full, to really go into front-line service.

"We sure did want to show you," said one, "what we could do in a rough-house!"

*We're not wholly bad; we want to be good;
We'd rather do right and go as we
should,*

*But we have not traveled this way here-to-fore;
Our judgment and wisdom are yet im-
mature.*

*Our exploitive nature sometimes leads astray
When we are attempting to find out the
way.*

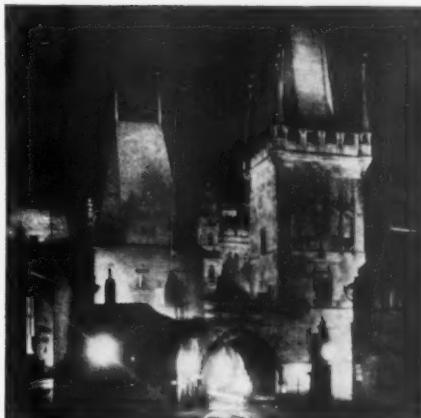
*We're full of vivacity, fire, and pep,
But we'll join the procession and fall
into step.*

*The boys of our town are waiting today,
Waiting for men to show them the way.*

—JOHN E. WILSON.

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For a Thrill, Call "C Q."

[Continued from page 30]

Equipped with an elaborate short wave radio, the navigator remained at the key and sent out a terse description of the disaster. We happened to be copying the plane's signals at the time, and thus were able to scoop the local newspapers, at least in our own residential section.

It is always a pleasure to meet up, via the kilocycle route, with Rotarians. We used to have many pleasant chats with Phil Nolan, member of the Rotary Club of Sydney, Australia. It was through him that we received several lessons in geography and natural history. On one occasion he surprised us with the information that the only Australian kangaroos within a hundred mile radius of his station were those in the Sydney Zoo. A year after this talk we were saddened by a message telling of this friend's death. Words of condolence were forwarded at once by radiogram.

Visitors at our station seldom fail to ask, "How far can you get on the thing?" We tell them that the sky is the limit. That is literally true, but the greatest distance our receiver has attained was in February, 1929. It was then that we copied, almost daily, the signals radiated from Commander Byrd's base at the South Pole. These communiques from the ice-bound explorers were primarily intended for the *New York Times* station, WHD.

Short-wave broadcasting has almost endless possibilities for the hobbyist. In 1929, our station played one of the first radio checker games with a fellow Rotarian, Tom Serur, of San Marcos, Texas. Identically lettered boards were used and

all moves were directed in Continental code. The game became close and the San Marcos operator called a local undertaker into his radio shack for technical advice. There must have been a flaw in their system, however, as Mr. Serur can tell you.

Communicating with air-liners was once a popular pastime for "hams" until the Federal Radio Commission stopped it. When the ill-starred dirigible Shenandoah made a Texas trip several years ago we assembled our friends and let them listen to the air-minded operator's radio telephone. As the giant craft neared the mooring mast nearby one inexperienced listener hearing a burst of static exclaimed, "My goodness, you can even hear them letting out the anchor."

As the DX gods frolic merriest in the wee morning hours, the experienced amateur becomes a nocturnal being. We registered no surprise some time ago when a local paper phoned us at an early hour. The Akron, already, it seems, fated for disaster, was lost in a storm over west Texas. Would we see if we could locate it by radio? We "looked" for about four hours but couldn't find it. We did, however, overhear a message sent to the Akron by a California station, and this was all the paper needed.

Today our station finds that fifty watts is sufficient power to communicate with stations almost anywhere. There is a certain feeling of friendship among amateur station owners the world over—akin to Rotary fellowship. Surely if "there is a destiny that makes us brothers," amateur radio is doing its bit to realize that end.

Recipe for Staying Young

FIND you a hobby
And then ride it hard,
Be it a garden,
Or fish pool in the yard;
Be it the painting
Of parchments for lamps
Or a wide collection
Of rare postage stamps;
Be it basket weaving,
Or the art known to cooks,

Or the clipping and pasting
For keeping scrap-books;
Be it the carving
Of rustics from logs,
Or hook rug making,
Or a fine breed of dogs;
Be it the mast'ring
Of a foreign tongue—
Whatever the hobby,
'Twill serve to keep you young!

—MILDRED D. SHACKLETT.

Drive So As to Arrive

[Continued from page 18]

garage immediately and leave it there.

And here's a final hint about roads: always reduce speed when passing from one type of road to another. Reasonable speed on one may be altogether unwise on another; moreover, the juncture between two roads is often imperfect. Remember, too, that more accidents happen on broad, straight, dry highways than on crooked, slippery ones. In the latter case, drivers are keyed to cautiousness, but they seem to lose their alertness when the road lies straight and clear before them.

YOUR position on the road is most important. Your right wheel should be approximately one and one-half feet from the outer edge of the highway; this permits you ample lee-way, yet prevents your slipping off the edge on to the soft shoulder. Running off the road is commoner than you'd suppose. Thirty-one per cent of accidents are due to speeding, while thirty-four per cent are caused by cars going off the road. Personally, I'd rather take a collision head on, than go off the road to avoid it. The mortality in the latter case is much greater. When ascending a hill or turning a corner at night, avoid headlight glare by fixing your eye on the white marker stripe in the center of the highway. It's a better guide than the dark outside edge and will keep you from sheering off into the fatal ditch that always lurks at the edge of the road.

Well, now you're cruising along nicely, everything under control. How fast shall you drive? That's the question that most interests the American driver, for he asks it oftenest—apparently with a trusting faith that it can be definitely answered. Instead of replying that there is a reasonable speed for every time, place, and condition, and that the efficient driver will intuitively know what that speed is, I usually answer the question by delivering a brief lecture on the subject of *Momentum and the Law of Moving Bodies*.

The formula for figuring momentum is rather complicated, but this much should be known by every motorist: As you double the speed of your car, say from twenty to forty miles an hour, its momentum* increases fourfold. That is, it will take four times longer to stop it, and it will be four times harder to stop. If it hits anything, it will strike with four times the impact.

*Momentum is determined by multiplying mass by the square of the velocity.

The average car travelling twenty miles an hour delivers a blow equivalent to that same car driven off the top of a one-story building. At forty miles, it will do the potential damage of a car driven off a four-story building. Add twenty miles to your speed, and you find that your car is a juggernaut that strikes a blow nine times greater than the same car travelling twenty; it requires nine times the space and time to bring it to a halt. Wear and tear on brakes, tires, and engine-parts go up in similar proportion, gas and oil consumption are doubled, so that it may be truly said that a man travelling at sixty miles an hour is paying a heavy cash premium for the extra speed,—to say nothing of the risk he is taking.

Of course the latest models are engineered to take care of the stresses and extra risks involved in travelling at up-to-date speeds. But unfortunately, seventy-five per cent of the cars now in operation are technically obsolete or in defective condition. It may be perfectly safe, mechanically speaking, to hit seventy in a new car, and criminal insanity to attempt thirty in a rickety ark with four wheels and no brakes.

IMUST point out, however, that many fast drivers are wholly competent. They are alert, keen-eyed, and know how to handle their machines. On the other hand, many abnormally slow drivers are downright incompetent, and it is their pokiness that invites the average driver to take chances and pass them. I heartily agree with Governor Pinchot, of Pennsylvania, when he says: "The sooner traffic officials insist that cars on crowded roads travel at a decent rate of speed, the sooner our appalling list of fatal accidents will tend to decrease." My tip to slow-poke drivers is this: "Don't burden the road with your car unless it can do forty with ease and safety. Let this be your top speed, perhaps, but be ready, able, and willing to hit that gait when traffic conditions require it."

Sharp curves are breeding places for accidents. Drivers going along at a fifty-mile clip can't negotiate the curve, and so run smack into a tree or ditch on the farther side of the road. "Going too fast for safety!" you murmur as you pass the wreck, but I might shock you by saying, "Perhaps he wasn't going fast enough!" Here's the layout: when you go round a curve, centrifugal force pulls your car outward. The ordinary driver, feeling this pull, thinks to overcome it by re-

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ducing speed. What he *should* do is increase speed, and simultaneously twist his wheel into a sharper curve. The quicker you get around that curve, the less time you'll have in which to be pulled outward. That's the way race-track drivers figure it, and being a race-track driver myself, I'll say those boys ought to know.

ABLOW-OUT is generally conceded to be one of the worst things that can happen to a car travelling at high speed. Without minimizing this danger, I believe the blow-out menace is much overrated. Let's see what actually happens when a tire, say the left front one, blows out. Nothing very mysterious; the car is pulled violently toward the left (the pull is much stronger when a front tire blows) and in many cases the steering-wheel is jerked out of the driver's hands. It is this startled surrender of the wheel, *not* the blow-out, that causes subsequent trouble. This trouble can be avoided by the alert, strong-handed driver who refuses to let the wheel be torn from his grasp.

One of my recent experiments proves this. I placed dynamite caps in all four of my tires and permitted them to be discharged electrically, one at a time, at points unknown to me. My tires were blown to ribbons at unexpected moments, but by gripping the wheel firmly (it helps if you brace your left elbow against your ribs) I proved that it was possible to veer as little as three inches from a straight course while going at an eighty-mile clip.

No prudent driver would invite blow-out trouble by running on paper-thin tires, but when the inevitable moment comes, danger can be averted by clinging stoutly to the steering-wheel. (N.B.: When you buy new tires put them on the front wheels, because the front-wheel blow-out is by far the more dangerous.)

One thing I want to avoid is skidding, but perhaps the worst thing about skidding is the feeling of helplessness it arouses in most drivers. Actually you aren't helpless at all, for there is a very practical way of coming out of a skid. What you do is this: throw out your clutch and maneuver the steering-wheel so that the front wheels are in alignment with the rear ones. In other words, *go into the skid!* Braking is ineffectual. Your main concern is to equalize traction on all four wheels, which you do by throwing out your clutch; your next move is to get all your wheels in line. As soon as you feel the skid weakening, let in the clutch, "gun" the motor, and resume forward progress. I have purposely thrown

my car into thousands of skids, and this is the most effective way I know of coming out of them.

Do you sometimes feel drowsy and logey during a long drive? Don't attribute it to the hum of the motor, but to something more dangerous—carbon monoxide—that your motor is throwing off. It's common knowledge that this odorless gas is fatal if breathed "straight," but few people seem to realize that carbon monoxide in small quantities, escaping from defective exhaust gaskets, can deaden the senses and seriously impair physical reactions. A two per cent mixture of carbon monoxide in your closed car can have grave consequences; often, five and seven per cent mixtures are found in closed-car interiors. To remove all possibility of this gas dulling your nerve centers, have your exhaust pipe checked for leaks, especially if you notice a dopey feeling after a spell at the wheel.

The whole matter of signalling is in such confusion that motorist associations ought to exert every effort to clarify it. An attempt at simplification in the matter of hand-signalling was made last year at the National Conference on Street and Highway Safety. The Conference recommended that: "Whenever the signal is given by means of the hand and the arm (as distinguished from a mechanical device) the driver shall indicate his intention to start, stop, or turn, by extending his hand and arm horizontally from and beyond the left side of the vehicle."

In other words, stick out your arm, no matter what you intend to do. This is not a very explicit warning to the driver behind you, but it certainly is better than none at all. Traffic authorities agree that it is impossible to teach all drivers how to give complicated signals in such a manner that they will be understood.

Why is it that the average driver becomes a mannerless boor when he is operating his car? Ordinarily polite persons who would not dream of snatching food or shoving their neighbor off his chair at dinner, become red-eyed barbarians on the road. They refuse to move over to let another car pass, they insist on the right of way, which is a pure myth at best, and seem to be happiest when they succeed in "beating a light." It may be futile to appeal to the driver's sense of courtesy, but perhaps he can be shown that his boorishness is the cause of thousands of easily avoidable accidents.

Take this trick of beating the lights: nearly forty per cent of all fatal accidents occurred at street intersections last year; 6,500 persons were killed and 380,000 injured chiefly because motorists showed so little common courtesy to pedestrians and

each other. The greatest number of accidents occurred while the amber light was showing. Now the amber light is not a "go" signal; it always designates an interval of preparation for starting or stopping. To attempt to beat it is the social equivalent of knocking everyone else down as you enter the dining room.

Experienced motorists know that there are definite times of day when an extra measure of care is in order. The chief of these is dusk, when failing daylight lifts the accident curve to its peak. You have three times the accident hazard at twilight that you have at 8 A. M. Defective visibility is, of course, the reason; sixty-mile speed with twenty-mile visibility makes a bad combination, and the best headlights in the world won't save you from a crash if you boom along faster than visibility warrants. Remember, too, that night-time crashes have a forty-two per cent higher fatality than daylight accidents.

FIRST among Don'ts During Darkness are: *Don't park on the road, even with your lights on.* It's impossible to judge whether a light is moving or stationary until you're quite close to it. Also: *Don't race with high-school kids out on an evening lark.* Drivers under twenty-one have fifty per cent more chance of cracking up than drivers between twenty-five and thirty-five. Incidentally, don't attempt a big Romeo scene while your car is in motion. And, last but not least: *Don't try to locate engine trouble with a lighted match.* Gasoline has a way of exploding when matches are struck in its vicinity, and when gas explodes it rides you more than ten miles on a gallon.

You'd think that mature persons would know all these things, wouldn't you? Well, my experience with the great typical driver has taught me that he is still in the first stages of his education, and that until licensing authorities insist on giving him a stiffer, sterner, more comprehensive examination when he applies for a license to drive, he will continue to be a menace to himself and everyone else.

We've assumed until now that operating an automobile was a picnic-on-rubber-tires, but we're beginning to realize at last that inefficiency in motor-car operation is too expensive and too dangerous to tolerate. It may be that "partial licenses" will be granted to certain types of drivers who cannot pass a 100 per cent operating test. "This certifies that John Jones is entitled to drive cars under forty horsepower, at speeds not exceeding forty miles an hour," may be the solution of the incredibly lax situation existing on the highways today.

Rotary Under a Microscope

[Continued from page 27]

a question, when it might otherwise sleep? I think it is extremely well. If Rotary is an evolution, it is to be justly comprehended only through a tracing of its unfolding. If it has lost something of candor, or has become obscured, or is yielding one value because another is easier to defend, then it becomes of a high importance that all the objectives of the movement shall be brought into the clear.

Thus, in the first five pages, does the value of the book show forth. Not only is the history of Rotary sketched in vigorous phrase, but the thinking which arises out of the review is related to the social changes which are at this hour seething through the depression. Surely for the human society of 1934 it is salutary for Rotarians to think without pretense upon the profit motive in Rotary and in society generally. Is our world to be Communist or Socialist? Very well, let it not become so through drifting but through intelligent choosing. Is the profit motive inherent in our present social order—as I believe it to be? Very well, let us avow it openly, in all the circles of our life, including Rotary.

WHAT manner of men are Rotarians in Chicago?

Their fellows in Helsingfors and Buenos Aires will have sympathetic curiosity to know.

They are, first, not generally representative. They could not be and be principals in business. There are no farmers among them, no employees or wage-earners in the ordinary sense of those terms. They are not even neighborhood business men, but are rather purveyors of high grade service and producers of wares sold in a national or international market. Most of them earn between \$9,000 and \$12,000 a year. They are graduates of high schools, many of them graduates from colleges, married, with two or three children, owners of their own homes, members of churches.

Over seventy-two per cent of them are Republicans, less than nine per cent Democrats, and less than one per cent are "radical." About as many live in the suburbs as in the city. Nearly all are native born of native parents. Their civic interests are city-wide and national rather than those of the neighborhood, the state, or international relations. The greater number are Episcopalians, Presbyterians, or Congregationalists.

If ever a company represented a class, this one does. It is of the bourgeoisie. Not only so, but, according to the investigators, it must be expected to have the leanings of its class. Whatever may happen to Rotary in future it will in all probability remain an organization of business and professional men. The program it has followed in past years, whether with full consciousness or otherwise, is a composite of the three objectives of profits, fellowship, and service.

SUCH objectives may be in conflict, or they may simply suffer each other, or they may be parts of a coherent impulse. The Social Science Survey Committee from the university deems it of importance to determine, as far as may be, between them and so to decide what is the rôle of Rotary. They say:

"The assumption of the present report is that honest profits are perfectly legitimate and desirable, that Rotary contacts may legitimately be used for business purposes, and that Rotary service—to the member's vocation, to his community, to his country, and to the world—is a worthy ideal so long as it is not viewed as a means to profit or as a disguise for the profit incentive. From a rational point of view, the goal should be not service *for* profit, nor service *instead of* profit, but service *and* profit, each a unique good in itself, unrelated to the other."

So there is presented on page ninety-two an outline for the adequate interpretation into action of the service ideal under contemporary conditions. Although it is too much to quote here, it is not too much for any Rotarian to read in the quiet of his home; and since out of it flows the most eloquent and admonitory recommendation of the entire study, it is sincerely to be wished that Rotarians everywhere may have inclination to read and ponder it.

Rotary's great opportunity, by this finding, is presented by the attempt now under way to set our economic machinery to functioning again. The crisis will be resolved "by those business leaders possessed of social prestige, economic power, and political influence. These leaders must necessarily act not individually but collectively, if the fruits of the old individualism are to be preserved. . . .

"The Survey Committee is not disposed to suggest that Rotary is necessarily the only vehicle for the develop-

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ment of business and civic leadership. Still less is it disposed to make such a suggestion to tickle the fancy or gratify the vanity of Rotarians. But it is disposed to raise the question whether Rotary, by virtue of its peculiar organization and purposes, may not be able to do more than other group movements toward the development of such leadership."

Reading on from this point in "The Role of Rotary" is an exciting business for the attentive Rotarian. Salvation is not to be achieved by a new Messiah. Representative spokesmen must work out a collective plan of reconstruction; the leadership must represent the entire economic machine. "Rotary is such a group." A club like Number One cannot translate the service ideal into any such action "unless it makes efforts to educate its members more adequately in Rotary purposes."

Four chapters in the middle of the report are devoted to the mechanism of the individual Rotary club. Shall a club aim at quantity of members or quality? Plainly, at quality. Shall a great city present one central club, recognized as a club of leaders for the whole city, or several clubs, recognized as neighborhood bodies? Plainly, one central club rather than several neighborhood clubs. How shall the club be administered? So follows a series of recommendations for the better management of the Chicago club.

HERE is useful material for Rotary club committees on membership, programs, nominations, publications, and publicity. The reviewer is impressed that for many service clubs such a survey would be occupied mainly with such phases of club life. They are not to be belittled. But the scope of Rotary carries the scientists along to four more philosophic discussions on fellowship service, business leadership, civic leadership, and world citizenship.

None of us, I am confident, will read the last third of the volume in entire comfort, and yet few of us as Rotarians can afford not to read it. It is not pleasant to contemplate the estimate of these examiners of our charities—that we would be far better employed in searching out the roots of destitution and underprivilege and raising up leaders to fight them down to their roots. I am glad that the first paragraph on page 242 is in italics:

"Rotary is not a civic reform organization; it is not a political party or a lobbying group or a propaganda agency. Its task in the field of public affairs is to educate business men about civic prob-

lems and to train them for leadership in dealing with those problems."

All of us will pause upon reading this:

"International Service has thus far been the weakest, as well as the most recent and talked about, of major Rotary activities. There has not yet been time for Rotarians to run off at tangents in the pursuit of International Service, as they have run off at tangents, e.g., charity, in the pursuit of Community Service. Community Service has been elaborately translated into action in many activities which are alien to the fundamental nature and purposes of Rotary and which Rotary cannot or should not undertake. International Service, by comparison, has scarcely been carried into effect at all."

These authors do not disapprove merely. They propose specific courses of action. They would preclude resolutions save where a club is willing also to as-

vention, the welfare of workingfolk—what one of these issues is not essentially political and controversial?

"The most practical point of departure for Rotary work designed to promote international coöperation and peace is the relationship between international economic relations and local business. . . . Basically, International Service in the present unhappy state of world society will be effective only as it can overcome the forces of localism, which, as we have tried to explain, are forces both of passion and inertia, and as it can promote a sense of world unity and world citizenship on the part of leaders in all countries."

Those who have read thus far will have obtained, I trust, a not-misleading general impression of this notable report. They will not have a full view of it, for the review does not so much as mention certain significant sections. With the authors I say "We do not feel that a fair picture can be presented of this analysis in summary form." The discussion is too broadly related to the fabric of Rotary, too scholarly, too balanced, to be comprehended by letting the pages fly under one's thumb.

"The problems of Rotary are in a peculiar sense the problems of modern industrial civilization. . . . It is not Rotary's mission to save the world; it is Rotary's mission to train, educate and inspire business executives for the effective performance of their obligations toward society . . . Rotary can contribute most effectively to the fulfilment of its mission by promoting business leadership in the broadest possible sense and by concentrating its energies on the education of its members with this purpose in mind."

The most impressive declaration of the volume is reserved for the last paragraph. Remember that those who subscribe to it are technical scientists endeavoring to measure a social influence. Remember that their reference is to an America and a world now undergoing deep-reaching social transformation. I question that any Rotary committee of my experience would have dared to avow what these scientists here express:

"At point after point this report shows that the Rotary movement as it has grown has foreshadowed current reorientations. In many respects it may be said without exaggeration that we have now witnessed the official adoption of the basic aims, purposes and point of view of Rotary."

sume responsibility to make its resolution effective. They would open the door wide to discussions of the very problems which are now banned by the general law of Rotary—that is to say political problems, questions of controversy. The codes which Rotary submitted years ago under Chairman Gundaker, disarmament and world peace, concerning which Rotary legislated so valiantly at the Vienna con-

The Paramount Service

By Dr. H. H. Skinner

A FEW days ago I asked Patsy to shine my shoes: he rendered me a service. Almost that same day my automobile engine did not function properly. Art listened to it a moment, his trained ear detected the flaw; with his skill he too rendered me a service. Little Bobbie was taken sick in the night last week. Dr. George came, eased the little fellow's discomfort, a pleasant night ensued: George rendered me a service. Paul my broker indicated where my produce could be sold at a reasonable profit, and again I received service.

During the past Rotary year, two of our outstanding past presidents passed away, suddenly or after a brief fulminating illness. At the time it was my privilege to preside over the club meetings in their honor, the question kept rising, why does Ralph, and later Al, have such a grip on our hearts. The answer was: Because of the service they had given the club.

But then they had never really done, in the sense of performance, anything more than other men. But like a flash it came: by the lives that they lived they made us think.

To labor with one's hands is the Russian ideal of service. To work, to produce, to make profits is the capitalist's conception of service. But the greatest of all is to give a man a concept, to make him think: that is real SERVICE. Not necessarily to get him to think correctly, but to think honestly.

I have confidence enough in the human family that eventually he will think correctly. The main idea is that he shall think—anyway what may be correct today, may not be so tomorrow; but honesty in thinking is absolutely necessary, that attribute goes on into the forever. Paramount service is to be found in giving a man a thought that will make him realize, grasp, use, think of life's values.

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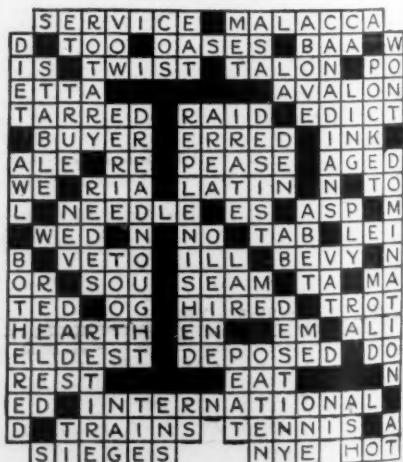
FARNSWORTH CROWDER, *What Is the Promise of Modern Life?* is not a new name to readers of THE ROTARIAN (his *Open Sesame!* April, 1933 issue, was widely commented upon). He formerly taught school in Colorado and California, and now lives on an acre "ranch" in California where he is raising fruit, vegetables, flowers, and one son.

• • •
Ernest Thompson Seton, *Holy Smoke!* animal painter, author, lecturer, and friend of boys, was born in England, spent several of his early boyhood years in the backwoods of Canada, and after receiving his education in Canada and London, lived for some time on the Western plains of North America. After serving as official naturalist to the government of Manitoba, he studied art in Paris for six years. He was founder of the Woodcraft Indians in 1902, now established on three continents; was chief scout of the Boy Scouts of America from 1910 to 1915, and is chief of the Woodcraft League of America. He lives in Santa Fe, New Mexico.

• • •
In 1914 he upset the golf world by defeating a group of veterans and capturing the American National Amateur Title, at age twenty-one. Equally startling was his masterful comeback last year to regain the title. In January, 1932, he was selected by the U. S. Golf Association to captain the Walker Cup Team.

• • •
Allen D. Albert, *Rotary Under the Microscope*, past president of Rotary International (1915-16), author, social worker, and lecturer, was formerly a newspaperman. For five years he was assistant to the president of the Chicago Century of Progress Exposition. . . . E. J. Haling, *For a Thrill Call CQ*, son of Rotarian E. F. Haling of Fort Worth, Tex., sold his first manuscript at the age of seventeen; since, he has received a degree in journalism and has contributed to many of the Southwest's leading journals. He holds a second-class commercial radio license.

• • •
Ben Field, *The Wind in the Trees* (poem), is the pen name of Rotarian Reuben Oldfield (classification: drugs retailing) of Bath, New York. He is soon to publish a book of verse. . . . The participants in the debate, *Is War Inevitable?*, Rabbi Martin Zielonka of Temple Mt. Sinai, and Past President B. W. Lewis (milk distributing) are both members of the Rotary Club of El Paso, Texas. . . . Watson Davis, *Our "Bright Idea" Department*, is managing editor of *Science Service*. . . . H. W. Kendall, *A Social Audit for the New Deal*, associate editor of the *Greensboro, N.C., Daily News*, is a charter member and past president of the Rotary Club of Rocky Mount, N.C., and now a member of Greensboro Rotary.



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Francis Ouimet, *Putting Begins at Home*, needs no introduction to followers of the links.

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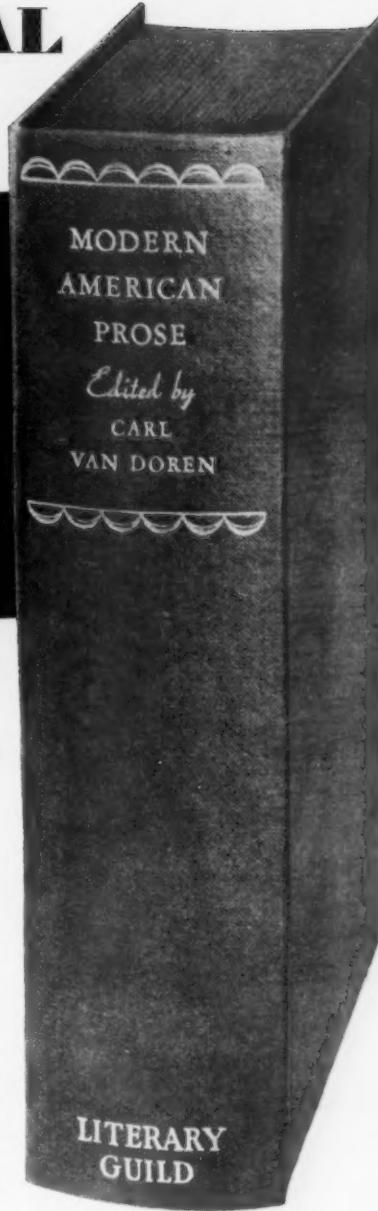




Photo: Underwood & Underwood

Dr. Irving Fisher, Economist

Money

AMONG America's foremost economists is DR. IRVING FISHER of Yale University, sometimes referred to as the father of the Commodity Dollar idea . . . He will bring to readers of the October ROTARIAN "Some ABC's of Modern Money."

Ducks

LOVERS of outdoor sports will get a thrill out of DONALD HOUGH's "Some Call It Mud," illustrated by Tony Sarg. Don Hough knows his ducks, as last year's readers of his "Ducks De Luxe" will testify.

Crime

WHY, with crime conditions so alarming in the United States, is there such respect for laws across the border in Canada? Investigator ERNEST JEROME HOPKINS makes a searching and illuminating diagnosis.

In Your October ROTARIAN

Readers' Open Forum

Even Jove Nods

To the Editors:

Yesterday I went to church—now don't smile—to hear Rotarian Bishop Crotty of Bathurst preach on "Disarmament," and in the course of his sermon he said: "I agree with Dr. Frank Simonds, writer of an article that appeared in a recent magazine—THE ROTARIAN—'Diplomats Don't Make Wars.'" So I looked up my copy and, opening at random, started to read "My Daughter and I," by Owen Rutter. Then I read it aloud to my wife. Now this is my conclusion, that that article alone is worth the year's subscription to your magazine, and I am not the only one who will think so. I know of several outside our organization who will also read it with interest.

I find that the article referred to by Bishop Crotty is in the March number—and here it is May!—so you see I have not been reading as carefully as I should. But "even Jove nods."

FRED BIRKS,

Past Director, Rotary International
Sydney, N.S.W., Australia

Sweater . . . Like House A-Fire

To the Editors:

I am just in receipt of the August ROTARIAN. I don't know who your printer is and I am not particularly keen about the subject (a distraught golfer looking for his ball among daisies), but I do think the front cover page is one of the finest specimens of the printers' art that I have ever seen. The figure with sweater stands out from the back-ground like a house a-fire.

HARRY G. HASTINGS, *Rotarian*,

H. G. Hastings Co. (nurserymen)

Atlanta, Ga.

For Girdler . . . Admiration

To the Editors:

I have just read the very interesting and enlightening article by Tom Girdler on collective bargaining in the July ROTARIAN, and would like to express my admiration for the effective way in which he presented the employee representation plan. I wish that more men had the conviction of Mr. Girdler so that the American people could be educated to realize how much better the employee representation plan is than the trade union plan.

This little mill of ours has come in for an unusual amount of publicity due to the unwarranted removal of the Blue Eagle on April 20th and the closing of the mill on account of the NRA. I am pleased to advise now, however, that we have made a settlement with NRA and have had our Blue Eagle insignia returned. We re-opened the mill on Monday, July 23rd, with an expression of joy and thanksgiving on the part of the 600 or more, good loyal employees.

The employees who were laid off in July, 1933, which later led to the organization of a union, resulting in the strike that occurred last October, were not laid off for union affiliation; but for inefficiency and causing trouble among the employees. . . .

We have had a long drawn out and strenuous controversy with NRA, and although our Blue Eagle was revoked, we claimed we were operating 100 per cent under the Hosiery Code and NRA requirements, including Section 7A. The

Hosiery Code inspector who inspected our plant recently stated we were bending backward in observing every provision of the code.

TOM T. TARWATER,
Harriman Hosiery Mills
Harriman, Tenn.

Romantic Reading, But—

To the Editors:

The popular style of John Winthrop Hammond's "The Amazing Electric Eye," in the August ROTARIAN makes romantic reading and I believe will particularly interest the non-electrical reader. With regard to the subject matter, an important phase; i. e., the cost, particularly of the auxiliary equipment which performs the actual operation, has been severely left alone. Several applications mentioned in the domestic and commercial field are novelties pure and simple, and could be performed by simple mechanical actuation, cheaper and equally efficient.

Undoubtedly in the industrial field a great number of applications can be expected, where the substitution of the "electrical eye" for the human one will cause an actual monetary saving in addition to its greater reliability.

In the field of measurement, a really wonderful additional tool is made available by the phototube because the impulse required is light only, in some form or other, of no weight and exceptional sturdiness.

G. MOES, *Rotarian*,
Hamilton Sterling Electrical Co., Ltd.
Hamilton, Ont., Can.

Disagrees With Jenkins

To the Editors:

. . . concerning the article on automobile casualties by Ab Jenkins in the August ROTARIAN. . . .

I disagreed with him, however, where he said to throw your clutch when your car goes into a skid. I believe to leave the pressure of the motor on the rear wheels causes them to have greater traction, thereby gripping the road with more force, and that the car will come out of the skid sooner than if the clutch were thrown.

Also, I believe that at night when blinded by oncoming lights you can steer more satisfactorily by watching the right hand side of the road than you can by watching the white line marking off the traffic lanes because you can steer closer to the right hand side, giving the approaching man more room; and also you can watch out for pedestrians or small vehicles not equipped with tail lights. This is particularly true on narrow roads which have no traffic lane marking lines.

L. M. VON SCHILLING, JR., *Rotarian*,
L. M. von Schilling & Son (motor cars)
Hampton, Va.

Never Missed a Circus

To the Editors:

I enjoyed very much the July ROTARIAN, especially Mr. May's article, which told of Jim Davidson's circus pranks. I don't believe he ever missed going to a circus and mingling with the performers. Rotary, relatives, and friends have lost a good devoted friend.

CORA J. (MRS. G. E.) DOW,
San Francisco, Calif.

[Other Letters on page 60]